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ŒNONE.

A STATUE BY MISS H. HOSMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The golden moss beneath her spread,
The June around her, white and red,
(And life beyond her waste and dead!)
Where—tangling over to and fro
Its silver hands among the snow
And blush of all the flowers that grow

In Ida's fountain nursing breast—
A wild brook runs in sweet unrest
Toward the blue rivers of the West—
She leans upon a listless hand,
Her great eyes sorrow-smitten, grand,
With sight turned death-ward! All the land

That southward from Dardania
Rolls to the purple bordered sea,
Lies dim before pale Œnone!
For that sweet way *he*, wounded, came—
(Where'er his rich blood fell, the same
Kindled the Crocus' golden flame.)

For once to Ilian Œnone
A sudden gift of prophecy
Foreshow'd him dying by the sea—
And how alone *her* subtle skill
Compell'd thro' woman's loving will
Had power to work him good—or ill.

And she, remembering slighted pain,
Forgot her true heart:—and in vain
The Trojans knelt for Paris slain!
Breathless she leans above the clay
That erst in youth's sweet holiday
Blushed with her kisses like a May—

Till memories of that golden prime—
Like some dead poet's saddest rhyme
Touching the heart of after-time—
Hold her all breathless—powerless—pale—
With the dumb agony of a wail
Dying out in her soul. The tale

Hath won a high interpreter
In the strong, womanly heart of her
Who carved this antique legend for
The truth's and beauty's sake. Oh, eyes!
Full of the old Greek mysteries—
Oh, type of amazing melodies!

Oh, marble dream, divinely wrought,
Embodying a master-thought,
Whose grief eternal life hath caught!
Pale type of many a voiceless heart,
Wasting in agony apart
From human sympathy, thou Art!

St. Louis, Mo., 1860.

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER IV.

"And my hand—I know it trembled,
To the light, warm touch of thine;
Still we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Lealine!"
The words have touched me to the heart,
Though they are sad and few,
And all that "Lealine" was to *him*,
I fain would be *to you!* M. B.

On the day after Regina's last appearance, Helen Erlinford sat in the pretty little boudoir dedicated to herself, and such friends as she chose to admit to share her privacy. Mrs. Erlinford, seated in her own especial arm-chair, was comfortably perusing the Post, in her morning-room outside, and making comments, now and then, to her daughter, through the half-open door. Helen listened, and replied dutifully, yet her thoughts seemed busy with other things; and she laid aside her pencil now and then, and leaned her cheek upon her hand, with a far-away look in her beautiful eyes.

The table in the middle of the room was covered with portfolios and unfinished sketches; and at a tiny easel sat Helen, working on a picture of a New England farm-house in the dead of winter, which she was endeavoring to portray from Charlemount's written description at her side.

The six weeks had made almost as great a change in Helen as in Regina. The actress had been growing good and gentle: Helen needed not to do this, and so she touched upon a more foolish extreme—she had been growing sad. No doubt she would have started in surprise at such a thought, but it was true. The heart of the woman was awakening from its long sleep, and, like all other children, it murmured at being disturbed, and needed the soothing words which must come from other lips than hers. Over cheek, and lip, and brow, a shade had fallen—a pensive shade, more bewitching, perhaps, than the arch, free, gaiety of old; but sadder to see, for those who knew how to read it rightly. The blue eyes sparkled still, at times, with light and laughter, but they had also acquired a dreamy glance; the red lips settled in a firmer curve, the graceful head was often bent in thought, and a peculiar air of subdued and half-impassioned tenderness made her a different being to the gay girl who had smiled down at Regina on the night of her *debut*. "He loves me not," was uppermost in her thoughts. You could see it in her listless attitude on that morning, as, leaning on her folded arms, she turned her head slightly towards the door, and listened to what her mother was saying.

"That odious Lady Blanche, my dear—I am sure she will secure him unless you bestir yourself, and take more pains to please him."

"But what am I to do, mamma?" said Helen, afraid to confess that, in consequence of her reverie, she had not the remotest idea who "he" was.

"Do? Have I not been telling you for the last half-hour?" and Mrs. Erlinford rose and bustled in with the paper in her hand. Helen, I think you will break my heart—I think you are asleep!"

"No, mamma."

"It amounts to the same thing. When you begin painting I never can make you say five words. What are you working at?"

"The New England farmhouse Charlemount described to me."

"Ah, I remember," and Mrs. Erlinford looked gratified. "He is to have it when it is finished—is he not?"

"Yes."

"And when will that be?"

"I cannot tell," said Helen, languidly. "I am afraid I am not quite right about it, and he promised to show me—to tell me more. Do you think it will do, mamma?"

"My dear child, what on earth do I know about New England farmhouses? Ask him."

"I will, when he comes."

"That will be very soon. I saw him at D——— House last night, and he sent a message to you that he should come to-day to help you with it."

"It is very kind of him," said Helen, taking up her brush again.

"I am glad you acknowledge it. *I* think it something *more* than kind."

Helen was silent.

"Is it likely that any one sought after, as Charlemount is, would spend whole hours here with us, if there was no attraction greater than he finds elsewhere? I am not vain enough to believe he comes for the sake of an old lady like myself. Do you hear me, Helen?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Tell me what you think of it yourself?"

"Charlemount is very fond of me, mamma."

"Oh, you confess it?"

"And I love him very much."

Mrs. Erlinford smiled, but looked a little shocked.

"My dear child, love him as much as you like, but never *say so*; at least, till he has given you the right to do so, by asking you to marry him."

"He will never do that, mamma!"

"What do you mean?"

Helen put down her brush, and took her mother's hand in both hers.

"You know Charlemount has been like my brother, always."

"Nonsense! He is *not* your brother; and so there is no earthly reason why you should not marry."

"One, my dear mother."

"And, pray, what is that?"

"We do not love each other in that way."

"In *what* way, Miss Erlinford? Pray what do you know about love? How can you tell if there are more ways than one? I am quite surprised at you! Helen, you talk like a romantic school-girl. You know it is the dearest wish I have to see you his wife, and why cannot you be reasonable, and marry him? The love *will* come afterwards; and, I am sure, when I married your father, I did not care two straws for him, and yet you see how happily we have lived together."

Helen smiled in her heart at her mother's idea of marriage, though her face was grave.

"But, mamma, you don't understand! It is not only me! Charlemount only cares for me as a sister!"

"How do you know?"

"He treats me like one. He pets me; he lectures me, if I am naughty; he gives me bon-bons and presents, when I am good; and I should not be at all surprised if he took it into his head to bring me a doll some day. I am like a favorite little sister to him, that is all."

"How can you be so absurd, Helen? As if Lord Charlemount was a man to look upon a girl, young and beautiful as you are, simply as a sister! As for petting you, he would pet a queen, if he was in love with one, and she would allow it."

"I think he is," said Helen, rather indistinctly.

"Is what?"

"In love with a Queen, mamma."

"Helen, do you know at all what you are talking about? I am shocked at you! Is not *her majesty a wife* and a mother? And yet you—"

"My dear mamma! how you mistake me! I said '*a* queen!' and I was thinking of Mary Stuart—of Zenobia—of Regina, in fact."

Mrs. Erlinford drew a long, satisfied breath.

"Ah! light breaks in upon me at last!—You are jealous, Helen!"

"Indeed, no!"

"Of course you will not own it," said her mother, kissing her, with a playful smile.—"But you are a little goose for allowing such an idea to take possession of you. Of course he admires Regina. No one could help that—least of all, I should fancy, a man like Charlemount. But, after all, what harm can that do? What result can come from it? He can never meet her; for all London knows that no one is allowed to enter the cottage gates, except the manager, who is a steady, married man, and Clifford, who is to her what you declare poor George must be to you—a brother."

A very vivid crimson burned on Helen's cheeks, and she would not meet her mother's eyes when she had finished speaking.

"No wonder you blush, my dear! It is quite absurd for you to imagine such a thing. No, trust me, George knows better what he is about. As for the stories about his first wife, I am sure they were all false. To be sure, we saw nothing of her, as we were abroad all that time; but I do not believe George would harm a fly. At all events, I should be quite willing to trust you to him. He is always gentle and good with you; and I shall live to see you as happy as Darby and Joan, one day, at Charlemount Court. For you must allow, my dear child, that—"

"More she would have said, but she was checked by the opening of the outer door, and "Lord Charlemount and Mr. Clifford" were announced in a stentorian voice by the servant in waiting. Helen started, and clasped her small, white hands.

"Oh, mamma!"

"Hush! sit down and compose yourself—they shall not come in here just yet," whispered Mrs. Erlinford; and, sailing into the outer room, she greeted her callers with her blandest air, and managed to keep them in conversation for nearly ten minutes. Still Helen did not appear, and Charlemount, who was wandering up and down the room like a troubled spirit, asked bluntly "where she was hiding herself."

"Not far away," said Mrs. Erlinford, rising, with a smile, "we will all go and find her. Mr. Clifford, I believe you have never entered Helen's boudoir before?"

"I have never had that honor, madam!"

"Come, then."

She opened the door.

"Helen, my dear, if you are not too busy to welcome some friends—"

"Oh, no, mamma!" said Helen, extremely thankful that Charlemount had not found his way alone. She greeted him with a little nervous hesitation. Clifford noticed it, and attributed it to the regard he was persuaded she felt for him. Accepting his own share of the welcome, with modest thankfulness, he looked around the pretty place with an admiring glance. How fitting a home it seemed for one so fair and pure! Regina's library, with its odd mixture of skeletons, pipes, smoking caps, and swords, arose up in contrast. He compared also the delicate virgin loveliness of this fair girl, with the dark beauty of the actress; the one, all grace and purity; the other, all fire and passion;—a Madonna, as yet untouched by grief, and a Magdalen, repentant, but still warring with her proud, undisciplined heart,—one, so well fitted to be that most admirable of creatures, an English wife; the other—he started at the thought that followed, of Regina. It had been lying in his heart for many days, but this was the first moment in which he had fairly looked it in the face.

CHARLEMOUNT AND CLIFFORD IN HELEN'S BOUDOIR.

"Well, Miss Erlinford," said Lord Charlemount, "how does the picture progress?"

"Very slowly."

"What is the matter?"

"Look!"

He bent over the easel.

"I see nothing,—ah, yes, you have had a London fog in your mind, Helen. New England skies are not like that; they are blue—blue as your eyes. Give me the brush."

Mrs. Erlinford smiled graciously as her daughter complied, and stood watching his labors with an anxious eye. To hear the Earl go back to the early days, by calling her "Helen," was much; the compliment, from one totally unused to paying compliments, was far more. Already she saw an imaginary coronet shining on that graceful head.

"Come, Mr. Clifford," she said, moving towards the book-case; "let me do the honors, since those enthusiasts have quite forgotten us. You see, we keep you ever in our minds;" and she pointed to a set of volumes, beautifully bound. They were his own works; and he blushed like a girl on seeing them.

"Helen's favorite, I assure you, Mr. Clifford. And, I may add, my own."

"Madam, you do me far too great an honor," said the gratified author, with a bow.

"Not at all—not at all!" replied the lady, with a corresponding bend. "When are you going to favor us with another volume?"

"That I cannot tell," he said; with his eyes fixed on Helen, who was disputing one of Charlemount's proposed alterations. "It is an idle time with me just now. It is possible, however, that I may write another play for Regina, when she returns."

Charlemount started on hearing that name; and Helen uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, look!"

"By Jove! I have done it now! You must have touched my elbow, Helen!"

"Indeed, George, I was not near you! You made the blot yourself."

"What is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Erlinford, pressing forward.

"A smudge—a daub!" said the Earl, penitently. "You see I wanted Helen to put in the farmer, carrying a pail of potatoes to the pigs."

Clifford laughed.

"A very unromantic subject for Miss Erlinford's pencil, my lord! I am inclined to feel glad that you have spoiled the picture."

"How can you have the heart to say so? The farmer was an old friend of mine, and the pigs were perfect specimens. I wished to have him, at least, in the sketch, and now he is spoiled."

"May I look at the picture, my lord?"

"Certainly!" And the poet made room for him, and leaned upon his shoulder as he pointed out the beauties of the sketch, in an animated way. "You see, my dear fellow, I stopped at that very farm-house for three weeks, when I was travelling in New England. I was *incog.*, of course; they used to call me 'Mr. George,' and never dreamed that I had any other name. I never enjoyed myself more in all my life. Do you see that meadow behind the orchard trees?"

"If, by meadow, you mean that dreary-looking waste of snow—yes."

"Ah, it's not dreary in summer! Well, I helped the old man to make hay in August: it makes me warm, now, to think of it. I believe he thoroughly forgave me for the sin of being 'a Britisher,' after that tremendous lays work."

Clifford looked at him, and at the picture, with a certain curiosity.

"Well, what now?"

"My lord, I am delighted to hear this! A belted earl and a Yankee farmer tossing hay together in a sunny field—it is a scene well worth studying!"

"But he did not know I was a belted earl," said Charlemount, too obtuse to detect the vein of satire in Clifford's remark, though Helen did so instantly. "He was a glorious old fellow! I am sorry I have spoiled him! It was all your fault, Helen!"

"Nay, that is most ungallant, my lord!—Will you let me see if I can remedy your mistake?"

"What! do you paint?"

"A little."

"By Jove, you authors seem to do everything now-a-days! Yes, try by all means. I wish you success!"

"Thank you."

"You see it was Miss Erlinford's fault, after all. She had dressed him in a smock-frock, with a true lover's knot embroidered on the shoulder. Now, an American farmer would hoot at any one in such a dress. I was trying to alter it to the blue woollen garment John Humphreys used to wear—and behold!"

Clifford could not help laughing at his despairing gesture. He sat down, and took the brush from Charlemount's hand. Helen moved the palette nearer; he thanked her with a smile.

The picture was well designed, and copied with singular accuracy from the earl's written description. A range of snowy hills encircled a bleak New England valley; behind them rose peak after peak, increasing in height and distance, and terminating finally in a dim vision of the far-famed White Mountains. In the valley wandered a brook, flowing sluggishly under icy fetters; a road followed its somewhat devious course, and through the bare branches of the trees a glimpse was given of the roofs of a small village, and the steeple of the "Meeting House." The farmhouse itself lay off among the hills—a low, red building, overshadowed by some tall maple trees, and fronted by the meadow, the orchard, and the "sugar woods."

With a few masterly touches, Clifford remedied the earl's blunder, and reduced the unsightly blue blot to its proper form.

"There, my lord! Do you not recognise 'John Humpheys' again?"

"The very man! How in the world did you know the kind of frock he wore?"

"I have been in New England myself; and though I had not the pleasure of meeting him, I knew many of his kind."

"Horn buttons and all!" exclaimed Charlemount, in rapture. "Now, Helen, all is plain sailing before you, you can finish as soon as you like, and I will go and find a frame. It shall be of carved maple—that is an American wood, you know. When will it be done?"

"Who lectured me last week for being impatient?" said Helen, archly. "I think you can manage to survive another week without your beloved Mr. Humphreys. The canvas cannot be taken from the easel yet—the colors must dry."

"What a bore waiting is!" he said, pensively. "Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Erlinford?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord! But in this case I do not see how it can be helped. But I am sure Helen will do her best."

"Oh, yes! I have no doubt of that! She is a good little girl, and does more to please me than I deserve. By-the-way, Helen, I promised to bring you the manuscript of that old song."

"And have you kept your promise?"

"To the letter!" And he produced a yellow sheet of paper from his pocket. "Lady Catharine Erlinford—my grandmother, or great grandmother, I forget which—copied it with her own hands, long, long ago. It was a favorite song of hers. 'Thereby hangs a tale,' I fancy!"

Clifford looked at the delicate, faded characters with interest.

"Strange," he said musingly, "what a peculiar feeling it gives one to look at such a record as this! Lady Catharine—young and fair—"

"I beg your pardon, my dear fellow," cried the matter-of-fact Earl; "Lady Catharine was sixty-five when she died."

"What of that, my lord? I take it for granted that she *was* young and fair once in the course of her life?"

"Right! She was the toast of three counties, and Charles Mohun and the Duke of C——— crossed swords for her sake no less than four times. The women of our race were all beautiful;—nay, they *are!*" and he glanced at Helen and her mother with a smile.

"It needs no words to tell us that, my lord," replied Clifford, whose eyes met Helen's at that moment. She blushed deeply, and said, "you did not finish what you were saying of Lady Catharine."

"True! Young and fair she must have been, judging by the descendants. But how little she dreamed that those descendants would read the lines she wrote, long, long after she had turned to dust! It is a love-song, I see. I can fancy I hear her singing it now; and yet she is very silent in her tomb!"

"I have seen it," said Helen, playing idly with the paper those dead fingers had once held.

"Here is her name at the end—Catharine—only Catharine! Not a blot upon the page—all fair and delicate to the last! Do you know, Miss Erlinford, it makes me sad to look upon it. In presence of such memorials, that have outlived their day and generation, I begin to wonder who will look upon the words I have written when I am gone."

Helen listened earnestly; but Mrs. Erlinford hated all thoughts of death, and broke in upon him with an affected laugh.

"My dear Mr. Clifford, how gloomy you are trying to make us all! I do not like it. It gives me the horrors!"

"We are all going to die some day, whether we like it or not, my dear madam!" said Clifford, drily. "Miss Erlinford, would it be an unwarrantable piece of presumption on my part, to ask you to sing this beautiful old song?"

"Not at all!" said Helen, starting from a reverie, into which his unexpected words had thrown her.

"Oh, by all means let us have the song!" cried Charlemount. "A hymn should always follow the sermon. Eh, Clifford?"

Clifford smiled.

"I will not inflict another on you for the next six months!"

"Oh! I did not mind it! Of course you authors are privileged to 'talk shop' now and then!"

"I do not understand you, my lord."

"Why, you know, unless you throw all morality to the winds, you must preach up goodness, and all that sort of thing, in your books! English people prefer it—there is something 'respectable' in it—and so you go on making books that may 'lie with safety on the family table' (is not that the phrase?), until, at last, you get so into the habit of it, that you cannot help 'talking good' as well. I forgive you, my dear fellow!"

"Your lordship is very kind!" said Clifford, rather hotly. But a look from Helen made him keep back what he was going to add.

"Will you come and turn over the leaves for me?" she said, crossing the room to the pianoforte. "I cannot ask Charlemount; he always forgets what he is about, and so spoils the effect of my playing."

Clifford followed her. As he arranged the sheets before her, she said, in a low voice,

"Don't mind what he says! He would laugh at everything of that kind—he always does! I have had many a quarrel with him about it before this!"

"But you?" said Clifford, bending lower, and venturing to look for an instant into her sweet blue eyes. They drooped beneath his, and a flush rose to her cheek.

"I believe that you were quite in earnest!" she said, still lower, as she began to play the prelude.

It was a quaint old ballad, English in its words, but full of that delicious simplicity which seems the gift of Scottish writers alone. The air was plaintive, and something in the voice of the singer accorded well with words and music. Charlemount and Mr. Erlinford drew nearer, while Clifford stood still, silently, with folded arms and downcast eyes, yielding, without restraint, to the sweet melancholy that possessed him.

"Why, Helen, I never heard you sing half so well before!" exclaimed Charlemount, as she ceased. "You are turning into a regular nightingale on our hands—is she not, Clifford?"

"Yes. And, what is more, she sings as if she had the nightingale's peculiar receipt for melody," said the young author.

"What is that?"

"The bird warbles most sweetly when she rests against a thorn. Miss Erlinford's roses seem to have none. Yet whence the gift. It is a peculiar one."

"What in the world are you talking about, my dear fellow?"

"A most simple thing. Sorrow always improves the human voice; when the heart has suffered, the music acquires a new and significant tone. It is singular that Miss Erlinford should have discovered that secret. It must be a natural gift, for I am very sure pain has not taught it to her."

Mrs. Erlinford started; but Charlemount exclaimed,—

"Well, there! I never liked anything half so well in you before! Shake hands!" They did so, very gravely. "To think that another man is capable of crying over a little, foolish bit of music! I give you my word, Clifford, that when I hear 'Auld Lang Syne,' I am obliged to run into a corner and hide, for I always cry like a boy. My brother Alfred was fond of it, and we were all in all to each other once. I have sung it many a time with him at home, poor fellow!"

Something very like a tear came into his eyes as he spoke. Clifford pressed his hand; and Helen looked at him most kindly. It was touching to see this one green spot in that worldly heart. Vain, and trifling, and wicked though he might be, he could not quite forget the innocent early days, for the lost playmate who had shared them. Clifford was the first to break a silence that seemed binding three hearts together with new and pleasant ties.

"We are not alone in our weakness, my lord. I think most men have had the same experience at one time or another. I know an officer, one of the bravest fellows on earth. He would lead his troop up to a masked battery, or head a forlorn hope without the least hesitation; but let him hear 'Annie Laurie,' and he would go into a corner, too, very speedily."

"'Annie Laurie!' Ah, that is the Queen of Songs!"

"Yes; I would rather have written it than 'Childe Harold.' And the sequel, if I may call it so, gives a new interest to it, in my eyes!"

"What was it, Mr. Clifford!" asked Helen.

"While the brave young soldier was writing it, the lady was amusing herself in a different way. The battle came and went—the soldier lay with a bullet in his breast, and his quiet face turned up to the night sky. And where do you think 'Annie Laurie' was!"

"Beside him!" suggested Charlemount.

"And dead as well!" added Helen.

"Not she! She was alive and well, and, no doubt, happy, for she was a bride!"

"Mr. Clifford, I am sure you are joking."

"No."

"Then it is a libel, such as men delight to fix upon women."

"But if a woman told the tale!"

"Impossible!"

"It was Regina!"

Charlemount started, and looked incredulous. "She! of all others!"

"I assure you she was quite vexed with me for venturing to disbelieve it for one moment. Being sure of that, she went on to draw conclusions infinitely provoking, because no one would expect them of her. Other women have the privilege of being unromantic, and hard-hearted, at times, but we expect a Regina to have a little feeling, as well in private life as on the stage."

"She must have been laughing at you."

"On the contrary, I never saw her more in earnest. Strange as it may seem, she has very little of the woman about her. Zenobia is her true type—there is no softness in her character!"

"But what did she say?"

"She attacked all the old ballads, and the old tradition as well."

"Does she sing?" said Helen.

"You should hear her! When her voice trembled over that last farewell—

"'Adieu, my friends—adieu to a'—
Adieu to Barbara Allen!'—

I could not help a suspicious dimness of the eye. She saw it, and actually laughed in my face! It would have been a happiness to beat her!"

Charlemount was listening eagerly."

"You describe a peculiar character."

"And a peculiar woman, too, my lord. If Job had known Regina—"

He paused, and made an expressive gesture.

"Is she so provoking, then?"

"Provocation personified, my lord. The most tantalizing of all human beings; and never, for two minutes together, what you might reasonably expect her to be!"

As he spoke, the image of Regina, in her own home, rose up before him—gay, arch, capricious, beautiful and bewildering—pleasing his eyes, even when the mask pained his heart. He sighed, and smiled.

"She is a wonderful creature. Even while she vexes you, you cannot help feeling kindly towards her. She makes me think of a fairy changeling: there is something not quite human about her, and one cannot judge her by mere human laws. But how we have wandered from our subject! We began with Lady Catharine, and we have ended with Regina! Miss Erlinford, you look pale; have we tired you?"

"Oh, no!"

She leaned upon the piano, listening, but never looking up. The light had gone from her face, the shadow was lying there, and the peculiar melancholy of which I have already spoken, lingered in her eyes. Turning away from Clifford's gaze, she looked over the song before her—one which she had often sung of late—and caught the eye of Charlemount.

"Sing that, Helen."

"No—not to day."

"Nonsense! you know you like it. Come, we are going away: I am sure your mother thinks we are mad for staying so long."

"She will oblige you, I am sure," said Mrs. Erlinford.

"Yes, mamma!" and the poor girl turned again to the instrument, with a very obedient air. She had thought of Clifford, she knew not why, every time she sang those words, and it was hard to have him standing beside her as she uttered them now. Her voice faltered a little over the last verse.

"'There's a blue flower in my garden
The bee loves more than all;
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small;—
She loved it, too, long, long ago—
Her love was less than mine;—
Still, we were friends, and only friends—
My sweet friend, Leoline!'"

"A sweet little thing, isn't it, Clifford?" asked Charlemount.

"Very," replied the author, absently. The mention of the "blue flower in the garden" reminded him of Regina's favorite violets, and he had little thought, at that moment, of any "Leoline" but her. Helen sighed, reading his heart by her own, as she watched him making his adieus to her mother and herself. It needed no little bird to whisper in her ear that, if for a moment she had felt herself dear, she had been mistaken, and that, however uncertain he might be about his own feelings at times, Regina reigned paramount over him as yet. She digested that knowledge as best she might; and having said good-morning and good-bye with praiseworthy composure, went back as her visitors left the room, and busied herself in putting the last touches to her neglected picture.

The Earl and his friend walked from Mr. Erlinford's house into Hyde Park, arm-in-arm, but without exchanging a syllable. Clifford's thoughts were straying Brompton-wards—Charlemount was watching his face, and drawing conclusions from his silence. At last he said abruptly, "Well, my dear fellow, am I in the way?"

"In the way, my lord! Of what?"

"The visit."

"Where?"

"To Regina."

Clifford blushed, and smiled.

"No."

"How soon do you go?"

"Perhaps in the course of half-an-hour. The luncheon hour is rather late—I shall have plenty of time before it."

"That depends upon the nature of your interview. I strongly suspect luncheon will be forgotten by both of you. But, since you are in no hurry, let us walk up towards the Gardens. You can take a cab then."

"I am at your service, my lord."

They went down close to the water's edge. A few riders dotted the surface of Rotten Row—a few carriages loitered along the drive; but the Park seemed monopolized by nursery-maids and children, busy pedestrians, taking a short cut across to the Marble Arch, and ragged boys, who were tumbling on the grass, without the fear of stern park-keepers before their eyes. A regimental band was playing "Roy's Wife" at a distance, and the scarlet mass, marching and counter-marching under the eyes of a mounted officer, had a pretty effect viewed from the water's side. Charlemount looked around with a glance of interest.

"Is it not pleasant, Clifford? Look at those children under the trees, on the other side. That ragamuffin standing on his head is, no doubt, far happier than either you or I just at present."

"Who would think that it was the gay Earl of Charlemount who said this?"

"You think I am talking nonsense?"

"Yes."

"I never can get credit for being sincere. But, my dear fellow, you have very little idea what it is to be Earl of Charlemount!"

"How should I have?" and Clifford's cheek flushed.

"There you go! I intended no reflection; but you are like a patent match, and blaze up even with an accidental touch!"

"Well, go on with your confessions, my lord!"

"Mine will come in five words—I am sick of everything!"

"Like the man in the 'Rejected Addresses,' you have come to the conclusion that—

"'Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught.'"

"Exactly! *Blase* is not the word—I had defined that before I was twenty. I am farther gone now. Upon my word, Clifford, I am so unutterably bored by everything and everybody around me, that I come at times and look into the Serpentine with very suspicious eyes. But now I suddenly bethink me of something in connexion with you."

"Indeed!"

"I heard, when I had the pleasure of seeing you for the first time, that you were anxious to secure a berth in the Tasmanian expedition."

"Yes."

"I wonder if you would condescend to accept it at my hands?"

"You are extremely kind, my lord."

"Then don't be offended. I have not the slightest wish to play the patron, I can assure you. But, because I write my name Charlemount, I have some influence in those departments; and, in short, my dear Clifford, if you still wish it, the appointment is yours."

No spectacle on earth is so ludicrous as that of a true-born Briton conferring or receiving a favor. The Earl blurted out his liberal offer with a hang-dog air, and Clifford heard it with a most defiant one: then both turned very red, and finally shook hands awkwardly.

"There, we will say no more about it," exclaimed Charlemount. "Do you know that the expedition starts in August?"

"So soon?"

"Yes, you will have to weep all your tears, and vow all your vows, in a short space of time."

"What if I neither weep nor vow?"

"You will do both!"

Clifford looked amazed. The Earl laughed, and amused himself by pushing particles of sand into the water with his cane.

"I'm sure I cannot see why you should be ashamed of it. It is not every man in London who has the happiness of being loved by a Regina."

"How do you know I have that happiness, my lord!" asked Clifford, very stiffly.

"When I know that you are with her day after day for hours at a time, I can only come to that conclusion. If you crossed her in any way, her gates would be closed upon you pretty speedily. They still remain open; there is no tie of interest like that which binds her and the manager together; therefore it is as plain as that two and two make four."

"I do not agree with you."

"Of course, it is not your part to say so. But what are you going to do with her, if it is not impertinent to ask such a question?"

Clifford hesitated a moment; then he rendered to the temples as he said with a painful effort,

"I can only do one thing, my lord, with Regina!"

"And that?"

"I shall marry her."

It was the Earl's turn to color, and look another way; but the next moment he grasped Clifford's hand.

"Are you serious?"

"Quite."

"In that case, pardon me, if I seemed to speak of her rather lightly. But will you take a creature like that to Tasmania?"

"If she will go."

"Do you believe she will?"

"I am going to ask her!" and turning towards the gates, he hailed a cab.

"Listen for one moment, Clifford," said Charlemount, earnestly. "I did not dream of this when I procured that appointment. Resign it, and I will get you something in England. You need not exile yourself, and Regina also."

"You are very kind; I do not know how to thank you. Give me a little time to decide."

"Three months; six, if you like."

"Nay, they go in August. You shall have my answer, soon. But I must see her first. You forget that I have not yet tried my fate."

"Come and tell me, if you succeed."

"Where?"

"At Charlemount House. I dine to-day at seven, and quite alone."

"I will come."

"Without fail?"

"Depend upon me."

"Well—success to you!"

Clifford laughed gaily, and sprang into the cab. He did not greatly fear the result, if the truth must be told. Charlemount watched till it whirled around the corner.

The cottage gate was opened to Clifford's eager ring, by Prudence herself. She smiled a welcome truly French in its cordiality when she saw him.

"How very fortunate! The groom was just about to ride into town with a note summoning you."

"Is any one ill?"

"Oh, no; but we leave to-morrow."

"Leave! For what place?"

"That I cannot tell; somewhere, however, in *la belle* France; and we are to visit Paris by the end of next week."

He brushed by her rather hastily, and entered the hall. It was filled with boxes; and Regina, half-frowning, half-laughing, was giving orders to the servants and lecturing Ruth in the same breath.

"John, put the black trunk, the covered imperial, and the two bonnet-boxes together, and carry the rest of this lumber away. My dear Ruth, if you make such moans over the simplicity of our luggage, I declare I will set off with two small knapsacks, one of which shall be strapped on your shoulders."

Ruth laughed; but seeing Clifford, retreated. Regina, looking up at the moment, put the pen with which she was making a list of the luggage, between her lips, and held out her hand.

"How do you do? I hope you heard that querulous speech of mine?"

"I did."

"Take care that you profit by it."

"It comes too late."

"The general fate of good advice," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I condole with you. Ruth, come here. Mr. Clifford, let me introduce you to our young *debutante* of last evening—the Zephyr."

Clifford bowed, and said something as complimentary as was possible, under the circumstances. Then, turning to Regina, he asked, anxiously,

"Was Prudence right? She told me you were going away to-morrow!"

"Prudence is always right, Mr. Clifford. We start at—John, if you lift that imperial so carelessly, you will break everything in my dressing-case. We start at nine, to-morrow morning. I was just thinking of sending for you."

"To go with you?"

"Oh, of course! It is a habit of mine, you know. Dear Ruth! do look after John! He is carrying off the wrong trunk!"

"Well, what did you want of me?"

"It struck me that I should like to say 'good-bye!' to you," said Regina, without looking up from her list.

"Thank you. Are you to be absent long?"

"That is as the whim seizes us. You must know that Ruth and I have sworn friendship to each other, which is to last forever. Damon and Pythias were as nothing to us!"

"Indeed! I suppose it will end as all female friendships do."

"You, who know women so profoundly, tell us how that will be."

"You will both fall in love with the same man. One of you will give the other her choice between the dagger or the bowl."

"Mistaken there, for we both value the lords of the creation at their actual worth—which is so small, that it cannot be perceived by the naked eye."

"Well, then, Ruth, will wear a prettier bonnet than you."

"What a charming opinion you have of us! Well, if we manage to escape all these dangers, and come back together, we shall not advise you of our return, I can assure you."

"Why not?"

"It would be your death!"

"You pay yourself a strange compliment."

"Oh, I have nothing to do with it! You would have to own yourself in the wrong; and your masculine vanity would get a blow, which would quite put any pleasure you might have felt at seeing me out of your head."

"You compliment *me* now!"

"I hope you find it pleasant."

"Very."

She laid down the pen, and gave the completed list to Ruth.

"My fair future enemy, you will find all things set down in order there."

Ruth laughed, and went up-stairs to give the list to Prudence. Regina turned to Clifford.

"Now, my dear sir, all cares are off my shoulders, and I can be hospitable. It is nearly time for our dreadfully late luncheon. Shall we wait in the drawing-room or study till it comes?"

"Let us go into the garden."

"With all my heart."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

In a late number of no less respectable a periodical than *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, we find the following paragraph relative to the recent brutal prize fight:—

Recent events have shown that cool courage and stoical endurance *will* extort the admiration of Englishmen, and have suggested this slight sketch of the natural history of that species to which many a man belongs, *who, had it not been his good fortune to be born in an age of civilization, would run great risk of being a hero.*

What the writer of the above paragraph considers "heroism," evidently is not compatible with "an age of civilization." But we have yet to learn that "civilization" is unfavorable to the development of *true* heroism. As for the civilization that prevails in the British Isles, we confess that we think far less highly of it than we did six months ago. The degrading respect shown toward Sayers by large numbers of the representative men of England—in the governing class, the mercantile class, and the literary class—and the apparent inability of these gentlemen to see any difference between the brutal exhibitions of a prize ring, and the heroism of the soldier who risks his life, and of the reformer who risks his good name for his country—have lowered the whole British people in the estimation of many of those who, in times past, have been their firmest friends on this side of the Atlantic. It has done much to convince them that the civilization of England has an element of brutality and vulgarity, which unfits it for the highest development—and they turn with more pride than they have ever felt before to their own land, whose errors, if bloody, are not brutal, and see more hope of a nation that partially tolerates the refined barbarism of the duello, than of one which applauds the vulgar savagery of the ring. The duello is at least the vice of a gentleman. A gentleman, in a moment of passion, may appeal to the sword or the pistol—only a clown or a bully naturally resorts to his fists. The Saxon nature seems to be overpowering the high and chivalric Norman element in the English character—and when that comes to pass, Providence may perhaps permit another invasion similar to that of the Normans. Certainly the Norman blood has been the life and soul of England—has given it in the main whatever it has had of knightly courtesy and magnanimity—and no one regrets more than we do that it seems to be dying out, and that Great Britain is relapsing into what a Senator, in language more graphic than polite, recently asserted her to be, "a bloody old bruiser."

Well, if the foreign invasion again should come—and this time not to found a realm, but to conquer a dependency—and be successful—the torch of English civilization will by no means fall to the ground. The people of these States are more than any other now, the Normans of the world. For the Norman owed his high qualities, as we judge, to his being the child of the Saxon and the Celt—and thus combining in himself the sturdy vigor of the former with the high and fervid spirit of the latter—and each set of qualities improving from the mixture. Now, in this Western world, is going on an interfusion of the Saxon and Celtic elements such as the world has never seen. Germans, Englishmen, Swedes, and Norwegians, representing the Saxon; Irish, French, and Italians representing the Celt. And, which is well also, the former element is in the greater abundance—for else we might lose too much in solidity and power of endurance.

Thus, as the years roll on, is evolving out of these leading elements, the Saxon and the Celtic, a great, homogeneous race, resembling the Normans of old, but we trust destined to prove even greater than they. Born to command—if ever people were so born. Innately refined—as shown by their Norman courtesy to woman—and which distinguishes not the politer classes alone, but the whole race. The common, everyday American manifests more true and genuine courtesy to woman, than even the Englishman, German and Frenchman of the superior classes. For it is in the American nature—in the blood. It is the gentle manifestation of an innately noble and gentle race—the new and crowning race of the world—the flower of the Past, pride of the Present, hope of the Future!

In proportion as we feel all this, do we feel like pushing all toleration of the prize ring, an infection from the brutal Saxondom of England, into perdition. It is unworthy of us, the Normans of the new world. We are not brutes that fight with their teeth and their hoofs—we are men, and, if we fight at all, should fight for reasons shown, and with the weapons of scientific and intellectual man. The distinction is great—and seems trivial only to vulgar natures. Even the champion of the prize ring has grace enough to see that a man should not kick or bite—while finer natures feel that neither is the fist the weapon of a man.

While all physical sports and trials of skill therefore should be encouraged—let every true American despise the prize ring. Learn to fence, if you please; to shoot—with pistol and rifle:—to row, to sail, to ride—but leave the art of the pugilist to churls and bullies. Let not pugilism and fisticuffs pass into an institution of America. If our British brethren are proud of such accomplishments, let them keep all that glory to themselves. Mindful of what we are, and what the High Destinies are beckoning us to become, let us remain true to the gentle and chivalrous instincts which we inherit with our mixed blood; and, if we be thus true, a fabric of Civilization shall rear itself on this side of the Atlantic, grander than that of Rome, more refined and elegant than that of Greece, and beside which shall dwindle and grow pale all the glory of majestic England.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

We see it stated, on the authority of recent letters from China, that the recent unchristian conduct of England and France, is producing its natural fruit in "an extraordinary outburst of fanatical hatred against the Christian religion."

The Government has published an edict denouncing the punishment of "death by strangulation against all Europeans who shall teach, and all Chinese who shall adopt the Christian religion." The imperial statute goes on to say:—

And any who shall have allowed themselves to be converted, and shall not reform, shall be sent to the cities in Turkestan, and be given to the high and low orders of Begs, and those able to control them, to be their slaves; and the bannermen shall be struck off the muster-roll of the banner.

If any will respect and give themselves up to the authorities, and *will openly renounce the proscribed religion, and shall in court tread upon the wooden cross*, and give proofs of sincere repentance, they shall not suffer punishment. But if they should persist in their errors, and should be so blinded as not to awaken to the sense of their faults, they shall in that case suffer the penalties of the law.

Here we see the old Japanese ceremony of "*treading upon the cross*," instituted in China. And why? Because the cross, instead of representing to the Chinese the just and merciful religion of the Saviour of the world, has been made by the conduct of Governments which profess Christianity, a sign to them of what is rapacious, unjust and cruel.

The fact is, that the whole difficulty with China is a consequence of the Mammon-worship which prevails to so fearful an extent in the so-called Christian nations—and particularly in England. Because China will have silver for her teas, instead of taking opium—that abominable drug!—and English manufactures, a pretext for a quarrel is continually sought with her. The shopkeeping element in the British Government, is at the bottom of the whole wretched business.

Little does it amount to, comparatively speaking, that *Missionaries* are sent to convert the heathen of Asia, when the professedly Christian Governments manifest such a greediness for gold, and such utter disregard of justice. They have the giant's strength, and they use it like a giant. Were the Christian Governments to act towards the heathen like Christians, they would do more towards converting the world in five years, than can be done in any other mode in five hundred. In fact, the great masses of the heathen will never embrace Christianity, while the Christian nations manifest such a disregard of the first principles of their religion. And, so long as the English church stands carelessly or approvingly by, beholding the rulers and merchants of the land doing these great wrongs, and uttering not a word of remonstrance or rebuke, we cannot believe that, whatever it may say, it really has one particle of true and genuine desire for even the worldly welfare, much less the spiritual salvation of the heathen.

HORSES' FEET.

Common salt absorbs moisture from the atmosphere; hence it has been, in some instances, applied with great success for keeping the hard-bound hoofs of horses moist.—The hoofs of some horses become dry, and oftentimes crack, thereby rendering them lame, if the animals are driven on hard roads. By bathing the hoof and fetlock joint with a salt brine, three times a day, lameness from the above cause will be avoided. It is a common practice with some blacksmiths to rasp cracked hoofs, in order to render them more tough; but salt brine is far superior to rasping for effecting this object.—*Scientific American.*

We think the mischief alluded to in the above, as well as other evils, are caused by forcing the horse to stand too much on dry boards or dry ground. It will be noticed, we think, that the fore feet are more apt to be affected by corns, &c., than the hind feet, which are generally kept much moister. We think that if our friends will do away with hard floors to their stalls, and make the earth under the fore feet of their horses so low that it will be kept moist all the time from natural causes, they will find something better than salt for their horses' hoofs.

For that matter, it is not according to nature for a horse to stand on a slope, with his fore feet higher than his hind ones, as any person may see who will allow his horse an opportunity to stand where he pleases. No doubt the plan of having boxes instead of stalls, is the best plan for the health of the horse, and the soundness of his limbs; though it requires more room, and is attended with other practical inconveniences.

"THE CITY JOURNAL" is the name of a new and good looking afternoon paper, recently commenced in this city. It is a "penny" paper, and advocates the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Louis Napoleon, if he attempts to play the rôle of William the Conqueror, may find it a rather more difficult part than some people on this side of the Atlantic imagine. By a recent official return, we find that the total strength of the army in the British Isles, on the first of June last, was as follows:—

Regular Troops,			102,080
Embodied Militia (nearly equal to regulars),			15,911
			117,991
Disembodied do., quota,	113,801,	effective,	52,609
Yeomanry cavalry, "	17,196	"	15,002
Enrolled pensioners, "	18,120	"	15,000
Volunteer rifle and artillery corps (approximate number),			122,367
Total,			323,259

A force of 300,000 men, well provided with artillery and cavalry—the most reliable troops taking the open field, and the others employed in garrison duty, and fighting behind earthan redoubts—the whole of them animated by the consciousness that they are contending for home and country, will not be an easy prey even to double their number, could such a vast array possibly be thrown upon their shores. Ireland, indeed, in a favorable conjuncture, might perhaps be temporarily wrested from the British crown—but England and Scotland will, we believe, prove themselves impregnable, so long as their people can be brought to oppose a united front to the invader, and do not forget how to use the rifle and the bayonet.

HON. W. COST JOHNSON.

We recently copied a paragraph from the Indianapolis Journal, purporting to have originated with Mr. John D. Defrees, which stated that the distinguished William Cost Johnson, of Maryland, died "a pauper and an outcast, unnoticed and unlamented."

In relation to this statement, we have received a letter from Mr. Thomas Johnson, a brother of the distinguished gentleman referred to, which says:—

I was with him (W. Cost Johnson) myself in his last sickness, and a son and two daughters also. Dr. Noble Young was the physician, and his attention and kindness were unremitting. My brother was constantly surrounded by warm-hearted and sympathising friends, among whom, I am proud to say, were many of the most distinguished men in our country. His remains were brought to his native home, buried with Masonic honors, attended by the largest concourse of people ever witnessed in this section of country. I feel mortified at being under the necessity of making this statement in regard to my kind and affectionate brother.

We think Mr. Defrees much to blame for making such a statement except on the very best authority. It is easier to put a slander into circulation than to arrest its course; and there are many cases where even the fact of a thing being true, is no justification for bruiting it to the world. Our exchanges who have copied the paragraph in question, will perform an act of simple justice by also copying this correction.

"JOE MILLER" CORRECTED.

Judge Rice, who presided in a county court, was fond of indulging himself occasionally in a joke at the expense of Counsellor Brooks, a practising attorney in the same court, with whom he was very intimate, and for whom he had a high regard. On a certain occasion, when pleading a cause at the bar, Mr. Brooks observed that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the court would consent *to set late* enough for him to finish them that evening.

"Sit, sir," said the judge, "not *set—hens set.*"

"I stand corrected, sir," said the counsellor, bowing.

Not long after, while giving an opinion, the judge remarked that, under such circumstances, an action would not *lay*.

"*Lie*, may it please your honor," said the counsellor, "not *lay*—hens lay."

Both judge and lawyer, in the above case, were rather more ignorant than they should have been. Every well-educated person knows, or should know, that hens also do not *set*, but *sit*. The judge should have said therefore,—"not set—the *sun sets*;" and the lawyer then might have "stood corrected." It is a small matter, but "Joe Miller" might as well have it right.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.—Do our readers desire to know the real cause of the defeat of the recent Reform Bill in England? We will tell them. It is the conviction rapidly spreading in the minds of the leading classes, in this country as well as in England, that universal suffrage has not proved to be that universal panacea and "Morrison's Pill" for political evils, that a large portion of the same classes, twenty years ago, fondly hoped it to be.

Universal suffrage undeniably, has given France an Imperial despot.

Universal suffrage, it is feared, is giving the United States ignorant and corrupt rulers—whose rule will finally end in despotism.

We do not say this latter charge is correct. We only say that the leading classes—by which we do not mean the moneyed classes so much as the intellectual classes, the authors, editors, politicians, and statesmen—are beginning to doubt that Universal Suffrage, and ultra Democracy, are the good things they had supposed them to be. In fact, it is evident that the current of opinion is running now strongly *from*, and not towards Democracy. And this is the true reason that the English Reform Bill has been withdrawn by its author, to the open or secret satisfaction of nearly all parties.

May every American who believes in universal suffrage and Democracy ponder earnestly over these facts; and let him be assured that our present institutions are now on trial before the whole world. If the taint of corruption which appears to have infected every party in this country is allowed to spread, nothing is more certain than that the very name of Democracy will become a scoff and a by-word, and that ultimately some Cromwell or Napoleon will push corrupt legislators and venal judges from the seats which they have disgraced, even if he should be no better than they.

BOSTON NONSENSE.

The *Boston Transcript* says:—

A delegation from Boston waited upon Alderman Boole, of New York, and presented a very warm request to him to ask the Japanese Embassy to visit that city. *The gentleman who headed the delegation said that if the answer was favorable,* $100 000 *would be raised in two hours, if that would be any object.* To this Alderman Boole replied that Capt. Dupont had already used every effort to get the Embassy to visit, not Boston only, but Niagara, but the Princes positively refused to go, they being anxious to return to their own country, and declare the results of their mission.

Just to think of the Bostonians not being able to get the Japanese, even at a cost of $100,000! Poor fellows—they are to be pitied!

Apropos to this ridiculous nonsense about the Japanese, is an anecdote told us by an abolition envoy to the World's Convention, held several years ago. He said the delegates attended a great meeting at Exeter Hall, some noble gentleman—we forget who—being in the chair. The Hall was crowded. Whenever a White delegate made his appearance on the platform, no notice was taken of him; but a negro could not appear for a moment without eliciting a burst of applause. The "colored brethren" were as much the fashion in England at that time, as the Japanese have recently been here. Whether the English ladies went to the length of kissing them, as certain New York "feminines" did the Japanese, we are unable to say.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

We are pleased to see that a committee has been appointed by the city authorities to invite the officers of the Great Eastern to bring that vessel to Philadelphia. There are tens of thousands of the residents of this city and neighborhood, who would like to inspect this wonderful production of British skill, who will not be able to make a trip to New York for that purpose. So, as Mahomet cannot go to the marine Mountain, we hope the Mountain will come to Mahomet. So far as the officers of the ship are concerned, we think we may safely promise them a large hospitality—though, to be sure, their color is a little against them; white men being somewhat at a discount in these Japanese dog-days.

THEORY OF RAIN.

Mr. Baxendell, F.R.A.S., has called attention to the fact that the quantity of rain received by a gauge near the ground was nearly always greater than that received by a similar gauge placed at a higher level in the same locality—phenomenon accounted for by Professor Phillips, by supposing each rain-drop to be augmented during its descent through a humid atmosphere. Mr. Baxendell cited experiments at York, from which it appeared that the rainfall on the ground was 65.430 in., 43 ft. 8 in. above the ground, 52.169. in. and 211 ft. 10 in.; above the ground, 39.972, from which it appeared that the ratio of the size of a raindrop is 0.679 for the last 213 ft. of its fall, and 0.254 for the last 44 ft. Calculations were then adduced to show that the moisture condensed during the fall of the drop could not exist in the form of true vapor, as such a condensation of vapor would require that, so low as the top of the tower of York Minster, the rain-drop should be as cold as 34.34 deg. Fahr. It is therefore plain that the moisture in the lower stratum of the atmosphere, on such occasions, is not in a state of true vapor, although the transparency of the air forbids the belief that it is in ordinary liquid state. At 356 ft. elevation the rainfall is only half that which occurs on the ground. It therefore appears that a shallow stratum of the lower and comparatively clear atmosphere supplies as much rain as the clouded and deeper stratum of the higher regions. Mr. Baxendell remarked that observations on the size of drops falling in mines confirmed these views. The mean temperature of rainy days is only a trifle higher than the mean temperature of the year, notwithstanding the fact that most of our rain comes with winds from warm quarters, and winds accompanied by rain are cooler than those which are not. What, therefore, becomes of the heat given off by the condensed vapor, and in what state does the moisture which forms rain exist? The first question Mr. Baxendell answers by supposing that air nearly saturated with vapor has a greater radiating power than dry air, and he expresses a belief with regard to the second, that vapor can lose much of its latent heat without its transparency being sensibly affected.

☞ TIN MASKS.—Some of the blacks in Brazil may occasionally be seen wearing tin masks fastened at the back of the head with a padlock, small perforations being made in the tin over the place of the mouth and nose, and two small spaces for the eyes. These are blacks who are incorrigible drunkards, and the mask is fastened on the head when they are sent out, so that they may not drink. This mask is also said to be used to prevent blacks from eating clay or earth, but this disease is, I believe, of very rare occurrence.—*Brazil: Stray Notes from Bahia.*

☞ "Sare," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-morrow?" "Yes, sare," was the equally bombastic reply, "yes, sare, it vos."

☞ At Danvers, Mass., recently, while there was a clear, bright sky overhead, a flagstaff was struck by lightning, and completely shivered. The cloud from which the lightning was supposed to have come did not reach the portion of the sky above the town until nearly two hours afterward.

☞ It has been well observed that advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it.

☞ If you fall into misfortune, disengage yourself as well as you can. Creep through the bushes that have the fewest briars.

☞ A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn-out body, like mistletoe upon a dead tree.

☞ ODE ON THE BOYS.—A man in stopping his paper recently wrote:

"I think folks dosnt ort to spend thare munny on papers, my fothar nevver did an ovry boddy sed he wos thee smartiest man in the kountrey, and had got the intellygantist famely of buoys that ever dugg taters."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

MADAME DE GIRARDIN.

PARIS, June 15, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The lives of certain persons seem to grow out so naturally from the social sphere in which they have been passed, and to belong to it so completely, that we cannot even imagine their having occurred elsewhere. Such lives may almost be considered as "representative," so truly do they reflect the peculiarities of their place and time; and in this category is to be classed the life which forms the subject of the present letter.

Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, more widely known by her married name as Madame Girardin, was born on the 26th of January, 1804, in the picturesque old town of Aix la-Chapelle, the favorite residence and burial place of Charlemagne, on whose tomb she is said to have been baptized, the Marquise de Custine standing as her godmother. Her parents were at that time in easy circumstances, and occupied a respectable position in the then French Department of the Rhur, of which, Aix-la-Chapelle was the *chef lieu*, and in which her father held the post of Receiver General; the emoluments of which were very considerable.

The family of M. Gay consisted of his wife, Madame Sophie Gay, daughter of the beautiful Francesca Peretti, and herself a remarkably beautiful woman, one son, and four daughters. The son entered the army and died in Algeria, of a wound received at the siege of Constantine. Of the daughters, one married Count O'Donnell, nephew of the present first minister of Spain; another married M. De Cannlos; the third married M. Garre, and the fourth, Delphine, married the well-known political writer, M. Emile de Girardin.

Madame Sophie Gay was not only renowned for her beauty; she was exceedingly clever, witty, showy and ambitious, was much addicted to literature, and mingled freely in the best literary society of the day. An ardent admirer of Madame de Staël, whose well-known romance *Delphine*, had called forth the virulent hostility of Parisian critics. Madame Gay had taken up the pen to defend the work and its authoress, so violently decried. It was the approbation which had followed this, her first literary effort, that induced her to cultivate a talent which she had previously allowed to lie dormant, but which she thenceforth exercised, with equal success on other subjects. It was in remembrance of this incident, and also in compliment to the distinguished authoress whose first essay in the domain of imaginative creation she had so generously defended, that Madame Gay bestowed the name of Delphine on her youngest daughter.

Unfortunately for her family, Madame Gay could never resist the temptation to say a sharp thing, and in this way she often alienated her best and most useful friends. At one unlucky evening party, the brilliant wife of the Receiver General indulged her satirical humor very freely at the expense of the Prefect of the Rhur and his lady. Her imprudent witticisms were at once reported to the Prefect; the Prefect, furious at this impertinence, lost no time in transmitting to the Minister of the Interior an indignant protest against the wife of his subordinate; and the Receiver General was immediately deprived of his post by the Minister.

Monsieur and Madame Gay, now removed with their children to Paris, where the latter exerted all her ingenuity, but in vain, to mollify the ministerial displeasure, excited by the unruliness of her tongue, and to obtain another appointment for her husband. Soon after his return to Paris, Monsieur Gay died; and his widow, being left without pecuniary resources, employed her pen actively and successfully in the support of her family.

An intimate friend of the Princess de Chimay, and detesting Napoleon—both on account of the disgrace which she herself had been the means of bringing upon her late husband, and of the persistent refusal of the Emperor to allow her to be presented at his Court—the handsome widow threw herself into the ranks of the opposition, and took an active part in the political intrigues of her friend. On the overthrow of Napoleon I., in 1815, she is said to have been one of a group of Parisian ladies who went out to meet and felicitate the Duke of Wellington on his approach to Paris, and who, having presented him with bouquets of violets in token of welcome, were received by the conqueror with the stern rebuke, "Ladies, if a French army should ever enter London, all the women of England would put on mourning."

Under the Restoration, Madame Gay's productions enjoyed a high reputation, and her *salon* was the *rendezvous* of the most distinguished artists, writers and politicians of the day. Chateaubriand, Beranger, Duval, Baour-Lormian, Claude and Horace Vernet, Gerard, Gros, Talma, Fleury, Mlle. Duchenois, and a host of others—less widely known, but playing a conspicuous part in the Paris of that day—were among the most assiduous visitors of the handsome and popular authoress.

Madame Gay was excessively fond of cards, and card-playing, dancing and conversation were carried on in her drawing-rooms with equal vivacity; these *soirees* usually terminating with the reading of verses, the composition of one or other of her guests.

Though Madame Gay lived a life which was, in certain of its details, decidedly more brilliant than edifying, she seems, from her daughter's earliest years, to have divined the exceptional organization of which that daughter was destined to furnish such ample proof in after life, and to have given her the most careful education it was in her power to command; while the interest and expectations of her friends were excited to a high degree by the indications of a childhood equally rich in the promise of talent and of beauty; and Delphine's earliest literary attempts were made in the shape of poetical effusions of her own composition, which she recited at her mother's *soirees*, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the friendly critics there assembled.

By the time the clever child had fairly entered her teens, she was, indeed, as remarkable for her personal grace and loveliness, as for her real, though somewhat precocious, talent. The threadbare simile of "lilies and roses" might have been invented for her, so pure was her complexion, and so fresh the delicate coloring of her cheeks. Large blue eyes, clear, soft, and kindly; a broad, high forehead, smooth as marble; a lovely little mouth, disclosing the pearliest teeth, and gifted with the gayest and most winning smiles; and a profusion of magnificent golden hair falling in rich curls over her snowy shoulders;—such were the items of an *ensemble* that threw poets and painters into raptures, and attracted the admiration of all who saw her. The fame of her talent and beauty, spread abroad by admiring friends, was not long in introducing their possessor to a wider sphere; and the young poetess, received with open arms by the Duchess de Duras and Madame Recamier, soon became the idol of their respective *salons*, the last refuge of the brilliant traditions of a phase of social intercourse now numbered among the things of the past. Beranger, who likened her shoulders to those of Venus—Chateaubriand, who declared her smile to be that of an angel—and Byron, from whom the charms of her wit and beauty won praises of her verses which the misanthropic bard refused to those of Chateaubriand,—Gerard, who rendered to her the flattering homage of his pencil—were but the leaders of the chorus of praise and adulation that proclaimed their young favorite to be one of the three most beautiful women of the Paris of that day, the Duchess de Guiche (now Duchess de Grammont,) and the Comtesse d'Agoult, (more widely known by her *pseudonym* of Daniel Stern,) being the two other "bright, particular stars" of that mundane heaven.

At the age of eighteen, Delphine presented to the Academy a poem in praise of the self-devotion displayed at Barcelona by the French physicians and the sisters of the Order of St. Camilla, during the plague which ravaged that city. The Academy had offered a prize for the best composition on this subject; but Delphine, in submitting her poem to the judgment of that learned body, had accompanied its presentation with a distinct intimation that its author declined to compete for the prize. The poem received the unanimous plaudits of the judges, and an "honorable mention," couched in the most flattering terms, was awarded to its author, and inscribed in the annals of the Academy. A number of other poems followed this first appearance of the young poetess in public; and of these the "Verses on the Death of General Foy," was most admired, and raised their author at once to the very pinnacle of public favor. It is necessary, indeed, in this latter half of the century, to recall the circumstances under which these verses were produced, in order to understand the whirlwind of enthusiasm they created, and by which they were caught up and carried over the length and breadth of the land. Read at the grave of the illustrious soldier, as his coffin was lowered into its last resting-place in the cemetery of Pere-le-Chaise, these verses were printed immediately after the funeral, and commanded a sale which realized 4,000 francs; and the young poetess, to whom her admirers had previously given the appellation of the "Tenth Muse," was now lauded to the skies as "*La Muse de la Patrie.*" The verses which had met with such universal acceptance were engraved on the monument subsequently erected to the memory of General Foy; and the sculptor David introduced a portrait of their young author into the group of distinguished personages executed by him in bas-relief thereupon.

The Duchess de Duras, anxious to secure, to the benefit of her young favorite, the sensation created by this popular effusion, generously brought her influence to bear on her behalf, by writing to M. de Lourdoueix,—then Director of Belles-lettres under the Minister of the Interior—to solicit for "a young girl, full of grace, wit, and talents, the author of the episode of St. Camilla, crowned by the Academy, and now engaged in writing another poem,—a sort of French Messiade, in which the most touching religious sentiments are rendered with a great power of expression, and a degree of poetic talent far superior to anything yet seen in a woman, a small pension which to one in her position," added the Duchess, "would be a most valuable assistance."

What the kind-hearted pleader understood by a "French Messiade" it is not very easy to determine; though it may probably have been some glorification, *a la Francaise*, of the "civilising mission" which the French are so fond of attributing to themselves, and of whose nature, instruments, and aim, they occasionally startle the rest of the world with such very uncomfortable indications.

However this may be, it does not appear that the Director of Belles-lettres was moved to the granting of the Duchess's prayer. But other, and less judicious, admirers had sounded the praises of Delphine's charms and talents within the precincts of the Court, and in the ears of the monarch; and had officiously suggested the idea of a morganatic marriage between the brilliant young beauty and the king's brother, the Comte d'Artois; or, according to another version of the court gossip of the time, a still more irregular *liaison* with the king himself. The latter at length consented to allow the fair songstress to be presented to him; but, so far from giving his sanction to the intrigues of his courtiers—intrigues which were apparently quite unsuspected by their object,—terminated the brief reception accorded to her, by thus addressing her:

"Mademoiselle, you possess true poetic talent. I grant to you, from my privy purse, an annual pension of five hundred crowns. Take my advice; seek for new inspiration in foreign travel. Paris is, for you, a more dangerous place than you imagine."

As kingly "advice" is not to be neglected by those on whom it is bestowed, Madame Gay set out at once, with her daughter, on a tour through Switzerland and Italy. The fame of the young traveller had preceded her. Wherever Delphine stopped, her grace and beauty created a sensation which was often to the full as embarrassing as flattering; and she was received in Italy as a second "Corinne." At Rome, she was conducted to the Pantheon, where, in the presence of an immense crowd composed of the most illustrious inhabitants of the Eternal City, she recited her "Ste. Genevieve," written for the occasion before it and after it, was crowned with flowers, and overwhelmed with showers of wreaths and bouquets, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the auditory; after which she was elected a member of the Academy of the Tiber.

During her stay in Italy, Delphine composed several other poems, the principal of which was "The last day of Pompeii," written at the foot of Vesuvius. She also finished, at Rome, the "Magdeleine," the most important of her poetical productions, and one on which she had been at work for five years.

While on this tour, she made many valuable acquaintances; the charms of her person, and her brilliant conversational powers exciting, as usual, the admiration of all who approached her. M. de Lamartine, in his *Cours Familier de Literature*, has recounted the impression made upon him by the sight of his young countrywoman, whom he fell in with at the Falls of Terni, and whose image seems to have remained ever afterwards associated in his mind with the magnificence of rock, water, and sky with which she was then surrounded. Not a few of her Italian adorers would fain have kept the fair traveller in their own land; but Delphine's affection for France amounted to a species of idolatry, and she steadily refused the most brilliant matrimonial offers from a patriotic determination to accord her hand to none but a Frenchman. Whatever interested her, at this period of her life, became at once a subject for the exercise of her rhyming powers; and this determination accordingly furnished her with a *motif* for a new poem which she addressed to her sister, the Countess O'Donnell.

The return of Delphine Gay to her native land, was followed by a series of ovations even more flattering to her pride of country than the honors which had been paid to her in Rome.

Baron Gros had just completed the frescoes of the Pantheon; and on the opening of that building to the public on their termination, the "*Muse de la Patrie*," led by the painter to a place of honor prepared for her beneath the dome, read some verses which she had written for the occasion, in the midst of an assembly composed of the most distinguished representatives of the aristocracies of birth, of art, of letters, and of finance. Bouquets and crowns were showered in profusion at her feet; and the immense building resounded with the plaudits of her audience.

On another occasion, when the young poetess took her seat in one of the front boxes of the opera, wearing a sky-blue scarf thrown lightly over her white shoulders, and her hair falling round her like a golden mist, such was the electrifying effect of her presence, that the entire audience rose spontaneously, and saluted the beautiful vision with a triple salute of applause! Her life appears, indeed, at this period, to have consisted of a succession of ovations, *fetes*, and flatteries, offered equally to her beauty and her talent, and admirably calculated to turn the head of any young woman. That her head remained unturned by all this adulation may fairly be considered as a conclusive proof of the natural simplicity and goodness of her character.

But all this time, the matrimonial prospects of the favorite of Parisian saloons were prospects only. Numerous suitors had, of course, presented themselves; but although many of them, not content with urging their claims in Paris, persisted in following the object of their admiration whenever she attempted to rusticate in the little country-house possessed by Madame Gay amidst the woods of Villiers-sur-Orge, none of them seemed destined to carry off the prize. It is said that the golden-haired "Muse," whose ambition may possibly have been stimulated by the brilliant matrimonial alliance which had fallen to the lot of her sister, would fain have secured a coronet in choosing a husband; but, for some time, no coronetted suitor was forthcoming.

At length, however, Baron de la G——— placed himself on the list of her adorers, and the fair Delphine consented to accord him her hand.

Unfortunately for her daughter, Madame Gay was accustomed to exercise almost as little control over her actions as over her tongue. Still remarkably handsome, possessing unbounded animal spirits, and passionately fond of amusement, she allowed herself very considerable license in her behaviour; and occasionally indulged in *escapades* which, though they would probably have been considered charming a couple of hundred years ago, were more severely judged by her contemporaries. Baron de la G———, though exceedingly in love with his *fiancee*, was not unnaturally annoyed at the undignified bearing of his mother-in-law elect; and the latter having, at a grand soiree given by Gerard, startled a couple of hundred guests from their propriety, by dancing into the aristocratic saloons of the popular and distinguished painter, singing a foolish song which happened just then to be a favorite with the *gamins* of Paris, and executing meanwhile the most capricious choregraphic *divertissemens*, the Baron at once demanded his release from an engagement which he no longer considered it possible to fulfil. At which point of my heroine's adventures I must lay down my pen for the nonce, reserving the remainder of her story for my next.

QUANTUM.

☞ A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Mrs. Hughes, mother to a sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry, who lately arrived from India, went from Cork to Dublin, to meet him; and, after sitting by his side in the barrack-room for a few minutes, she sank back and expired. He had just said he would spend two months of furlough at home, and the joyous thought was too much for the mother after the anxiety she had experienced.

☞ There is a story told of a man who met his own double—or wraith, as they call it—on the stairs; and dreadfully frightened the poor fellow was at the double presentment of himself. "Well, and what did you do?" inquired one, not of a credulous turn of mind, to whom he narrated his ghastly experience of the supernatural world. "Nothing." "Nothing! why, if I had met myself on the stairs, I'd have ——— myself down."

☞ If we were asked to say what we considered a sign of true greatness, we should point to those who, instead of waiting for some great opportunity to do something noble, avail themselves of every-day occasions, and carefully improve the most ordinary opportunities of doing good. These are the truly great. No occasion is too insignificant for them to dignify it by improving it.

☞ ANOTHER NEW COLOR.—A new immovable green is making a noise at Lyons. A note, from the hand of M. de Montigny, the French Consul at Shanghai, has originated the discovery. M. de Montigny affirmed that the Chinese green, so much esteemed in dyeing, was extracted from the bark of the buckthorn. This wood, which happens to grow in great abundance in the environs of Lyons, became immediately subjected to chemical experiment, and the result has proved most satisfactory. The green is produced perfectly fast, and of most beautiful tint.

☞ The transit across the English Channel is supposed to be the *sick transit* alluded to in the well-known Latin quotation.

☞ The kitchen is the scene of many stirring events.

☞ A man acquires more glory by defending than by accusing others.

☞ There is no man who would not be mortified if he knew what his friends thought of him.

☞ What the Christian world wants is more love. Love rules his kingdom without a sword.

☞ Wait not for difficulties to cease; glory lies in overcoming them.

☞ Destiny is the force of gravity appearing in morals.

☞ "What makes all these apothecary shops have stone floors?" said Billy to Sam, at the counter. "Don't you know, Billy? It's so that if a feller drops his bottle he'll be sure to break it."

☞ The Kennebec Journal compliments the Portland ladies, and gives this sentiment once offered on a public occasion by a susceptible gentleman: "*The Ladies of Portland*—had we met them in heaven, we should have been sure they were angels."

☞ "Take heed of crying to-morrow, to-morrow," says Luther, "for a man lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool, and by the time he sees his folly, his life is finished; so men die before they begin to live."

☞ Joguth Chundes Gangooly, the converted Brahman, has gone home to preach Christianity to the Hindoos. A young lady, from the State of Maine, will join him in Calcutta toward the end of the year, and become Mrs. Gangooly.

☞ A Mrs. Fenwick and four children left Melbourne for England in the Royal Charter, and all were lost. Mr. Fenwick, the husband and father, remained in Melbourne, and about five days before the wreck, wrote to a friend in Hobart town, saying he had seen his wife and children in a dream battling in the waves and calling to him for help. The dream so preyed on his mind that he committed suicide by cutting his throat, and that on the very night of the wreck.

☞ Powers now asks $1,000 for a bust. The price usually paid artists in Italy is from $400 to $600.

☞ TO A T.—Few people are able in conversation to give the proper sound to the combined consonants *sts*. They can say *twist* easily enough, but they fail to enunciate *twists*. They drop the *t* between the *s* and say *twis's*. The following lines are a good exercise to remedy this defect; they should be repeated slowly at first, then more rapidly, as the tongue learns to give the *t* always with perfect distinctness:

"Amidst the mists,
With stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fists
Against the posts,
And still insists
He sees the ghosts."

☞ A sentimental chap intends to petition Congress for a grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

☞ "I presume you won't charge anything for just *remembering* me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

☞ Howard Paul, in his entertainment, relates the following characteristic anecdote of a celebrated wit:—"De Brown, who is an arrant 'snob,' and who is always boasting of the notice taken of him by the aristocracy, was vaporing one day, in presence of the late Mr. Jerrold, on his frequent banqueting with Lord Carlisle. 'It is an extraordinary thing,' De Brown said with gusto, 'his lordship gives superb dinners, with one single exception. I dined there about a month ago—viands splendid—but there was no fish. I dined there again ten days back—same thing—no fish. I can't make it out—can you, Jerrold?' 'Oh, easy,' said Douglas, with a twinkle in those wonderful eyes of his, 'there was none left up stairs.'"

☞ An omnibus proprietor in Chicago, being deprived of his means of subsistence, by the chartering of sundry horse railroad companies, "came it" over his opponents by shortening axletrees and lowering the bodies of his stages, and then running them on the rails of the very concerns who had supplanted him in carrying the public. They could not prevent this proceeding, as his rights on the street were as good as theirs, and they were at length compelled to accede to his terms, purchase his stages, and pay him a round sum to abandon the enterprize.

☞ At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given:—"The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, *spades* will always win."

☞ "'Enry, take the 'arness hoff the 'orse, put the 'alter hover 'is 'ead, hand give 'im 'ay and hoats."

☞ It is recorded of the famous Mr. Mytton, that having leaped over a fence into a gravel-pit some thirty feet deep, he lay there with his broken leg perfectly quiet, in the hope that he might have company. Presently a farmer comes down, horse and man, with grievous damage and almost on the top of him. "Why did you not warn me?" cries the unfortunate. "Why did you not halloo while there was yet time?" "Hush, hush, you fool!" replied Mytton; "if you will only hold your noise, we shall soon have the pit full of them."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Fulton and Parana bring Liverpool advices to the 27th.

The death of Jerome Bonaparte is confirmed.

Advices from Naples say that the King has accepted the propositions made by his Council for a Constitution on a liberal basis, a general amnesty, a free press, a total change in his Ministry, with other important conditions.

The National Guards, organized by Garibaldi, are to occupy the different positions in and around Palermo, during his operations against Messina and other points on the main land.

The Imperial interview at Baden is reported as having resulted in an understanding between Austria and Prussia regarding the reorganization of the military contingent and the Constitution for the German Confederation.

The Emperor Napoleon is said to have determined not to recognize the annexation of Sicily, Tuscany, and the Romagna to Piedmont.

It is said that the Neapolitan government had determined to restore the two American vessels captured; but the American Minister has demanded reparation for the insult to the American flag. The vessel seized by the Neapolitans was the Charles and Jane, of Baltimore, Capt. Quan. The American Minister at Naples had demanded passports for his son, and two others, with permission to visit the captured vessel at Gaeta.

The King of Naples is ill.

It is reported that the Russian and Spanish Legations had threatened to withdraw unless Sardinia stopped the expeditions to Sicily.

The British House of Lords debated the slave trade question, and adopted a resolution in favor of the re-appointment of a Consulate at Mozambique, as a check, notwithstanding the opposition of the government.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone has determined to resign on account of the lame report adopted by the committee of the House of Commons on the rejection by the House of Lords of the bill repealing the paper duty.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte Napoleon will visit Savoy in July.

Since the return of the Emperor Napoleon from Baden, the troops concentrated on the Eastern frontier of France have been withdrawn.

It is reported that the new French Loan Bill will call for from twenty to thirty million pounds sterling.

The Paris Bourse was depressed. Consols, 68f. 45c.

The Austrians were making vast military preparations in Venetia.

The Barings have introduced the new Russian loan of eight millions (at 4½ per cent.) to the London market. They were quoted at 92.

The Paris Patrie states that Garibaldi held a council of war on the evening of the 21st inst., at which it was unanimously decided that the insurrectional army, after having collected all the necessary military forces, should march on Messina. It was expected that the march would commence on the 28th.

The Neapolitans were fortifying Messina, where 8,000 troops had been concentrated, with considerable ammunition.

The evacuation of Palermo had been completed, and the Neapolitan frigates had left the port.

Garibaldi was forming twenty regiments for his operations on the main land.

The Neapolitans were in great force in Calabria.

All the communes of Sicily had presented an address requesting annexation to Piedmont.

THE CONFERENCE AT BADEN.—It is asserted that at the final conference at Baden, between the Prince Regent of Prussia and the German sovereigns, resulted in a decisive agreement on the questions relative to the German and foreign governments. The sovereigns tendered their good offices to bring about an understanding between Prussia and Austria.

ENGLAND.—Lord John Russell, in acknowledging the French vote relative to Savoy, again condemned the course of France.

About thirty thousand volunteers were to be received by the Queen on the day the steamer sailed.

The Prince of Wales was to embark for his Canadian tour on the 11th of July.

The Oxford University has conferred the degree of "D. C. L." on J. Lathrop Motley, the American author.

FRANCE.—In the circular from the French government relative to Savoy, France undertakes to assume the obligations of Sardinia for the neutrality of Fancigny and Chablais, but will not cede any territory to Switzerland. The latter government puts forth new propositions for a conference.

CHINA.—The steamer Malabar, having aboard Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, the English and French Ambassadors, has been wrecked in the harbor of Galle. No lives were lost.

The bullion in the ship, together with the credentials and all the papers of the Ambassadors were lost. The embassies will be delayed at Galle until the 6th of June.

CANTON, May 6.—A reply from the Chinese to the last communication from the British Cabinet, is forwarded by this mail. The Chinese are actively preparing to resist. The allies have occupied Chusan, without resistance.

The trade of Canton has improved.

COMMERCIAL.—Liverpool, June 28.—Cotton is dull, with a declining tendency, though quotations are unchanged.

The Manchester advices are not so favorable.—The quotations are unchanged, but closed very irregular.

Breadstuffs—The market closed dull, with a declining tendency. Wheat has declined 1d, and the inferior qualities of Corn are lower.

Provisions are dull, and the market closes nominal. Lard is dull at 58@60s.

Produce—Rosin steady, at 4s 5d@4s 6d, for common. Sugar steady; Coffee quiet; Rice steady.

LONDON, June 28.—Coffee and Sugar closes steady. Rice is heavy.

☞ A schoolmaster in a Western village, where the custom of "boarding round" prevails, recently received notice from a Dutch matron that she "would eat him, but couldn't sleep him." He will doubtless be careful not to venture within her reach.

☞ WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Garibaldi receives from the Austrian and Roman newspapers opposed to him, the titles of "monster in human shape," "Antichrist," "bandit," "professional rebel," "pirate," "adventurer," &c., while the papers of Sardinia and the Romagna call him the "heroic son of Italy," the "genius of Italy," the "redeemer of Italy," and the "archangel Gabriel in human shape on earth."

☞ We heard a gentleman remark, the other day, that eggs were "fat or lean," according to the keeping provided for the hens. Is this so? It looks reasonable.

☞ To get up the "Conflict of Ages," ask two rival beauties how old they are.

☞ Never fancy a woman's esteem for your character equal to her admiration of your whiskers—if you happen to have a nice pair.

☞ A farmer in Montgomery county made a scarecrow this spring, so very frightful, that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days, and left it in the fields.

☞ He who marries a lady for her fine teeth, will be likely to find himself bitten.

A DISCERNING PUBLIC.

BY J. HOLLINGSHEAD.

I dare say the public thinks itself a remarkably clever creature—always right, always rational, always amiable, always beyond criticism—but I don't. I've seen a good deal of it, too, in my time, and I ought to know. People flatter it, and toady it, and call it fine names, and pretend that its enlightenment is beyond question, and its judgment final; while they believe the very opposite in their secret hearts, and give utterance to their real opinions in places where their voices have no influence.

I am one of those rogues, vagabonds, and outcasts—a stage-player. I never followed my profession with the holy devotion of one who is ready to sacrifice everything for the preservation of his art; I was not such a dreamy, impracticable ass; I went in to make money, and I made it. My experience taught me that those men who were always aiming at an ideal standard of perfection, were always living upon borrowed half-crowns; and as I felt no desire to live on borrowed half-crowns, I avoided aiming at an ideal standard of perfection. My principle was ever to suit my market. If there had been a demand for a Highland-fling in the middle of Macbeth, when I performed the chief character, I should have complied with it at once, without wasting much consideration upon the laws of taste, or the outraged manes of the immortal Shakspeare. If Othello could have been made more attractive by a few gymnastic evolutions before the senators, I should not have hesitated, when I was entrusted with the Moor, to turn him, for a time, into a bounding Bedouin of the desert. For all emergencies of this kind I was thoroughly prepared, and my versatile accomplishments made me a very useful member of the company. I have gone on with a violin and a wig between the pieces, and have tortured an air into such discordant variations that the public were in ecstacies, or believed they were, and applauded the distinguished foreign performer till the house re-echoed.

Poor things! If they had seen the laughter at their expense behind the curtain; if they had heard the criticisms that were uttered upon the criticisms in some of the journals, the newspaper writer would not have been quite so much in love with his art, and the self-elected jury of the stalls would not have been quite so confident in their judgment.

My occupation gave me a thorough contempt for my audience. Their applause had no value in my eyes, except for its effect upon my manager, as I generally found that it was lavished in the wrong place, and caught by every clap-trap trick I chose to lay for it. The same highly discriminating approbation that was bestowed upon me, was equally at the command of the elegant Moll Flanders, when she lectured upon black hair and the Penny Cyclopedia; or the unblushing Mr. Brummagem, when he exposed the whole art and mystery of picking pockets. I found that to study character—to search laboriously for appropriate costume—to spend hours in anxious thought before a looking-glass, trying to catch some fleeting aspect of face, some subtle peculiarity of gesture—was like throwing down a gauntlet of defiance to the world; like trying to benefit your fellow creatures by inventing a steam-engine, or introducing vaccination. I never did it; oh, no! but I saw many miserable visionaries around me who did. Poor devils! they are nearly all now in asylums or in workhouses!

It is never wise for a popular favorite to risk an anti-climax. When he feels that he has done his best, or what is so considered by a discerning public, he should gracefully retire from that branch of his profession, lest by foolishly lingering he should weaken a successful impression. This is my rule of action, and I have always observed it. After appearing in a drama, which ran triumphantly for two hundred nights, in the last scene of which I was shot from the mouth of a cannon, I felt that I had reached the apex of my art, and that the most judicious course would be to announce my farewell performance. The manager was astonished at my determination, not knowing its cause; and I might have obtained a temporary advantage by a considerable increase of salary. Seeing nothing before me, however, after such a popular triumph of high art and public appreciation, but a down-hill series of representations, growing weaker and weaker, I rejected the offer, and bade a final adieu to the legitimate drama.

I believe, when I thus left the theatre in the full tide of my success, that I might have commanded anything that a grateful public had to give, even to the costly suffrages of a select constituency. I gave no encouragement to those friends who hinted at such a questionable mark of distinction, but devoted all my attention to a more congenial and equally respectable field of enterprise—the tight-rope.

I found that public executions, prize-fights, baitings of the mad ass, turning bulls loose with fireworks, dog-fighting, rat-killing, badger drawing, cock spurring, and many other permanent amusements, had been forcibly put down by acts of Parliament, rather than destroyed by an improvement in taste and humanity; and that when any exhibition of a peculiarly dangerous but strictly legal character was advertised to take place, there was always a difficulty in finding room for the visitors. Inferring from this that the public of to day was marvellously like the public of yesterday; and feeling that though Hockley-in-the-Hole, with all its brutal glories, had ceased to exist, there were hundreds of popular gardens ready to outshame its historical reputation, I turned my attention to the tight-rope and its adjuncts, with a view of realizing a competency in the shortest space of time, and of showing that the study of the fine arts had not much softened the manners of the people.

Before a twelvemonth had rolled by, and the Whitsuntide holidays of a second season had set in, the walls of the metropolis were covered with blood-red placards, announcing that a Signor Lunatico had been engaged, at an immense expense, to go through one of the most daring acts upon the aerial rope that had ever been presented to the notice of a discerning British public. I was Signor Lunatico; and the daring act was all, and even more, than it professed to be—it was a wild and fantastic dalliance with suicide. I had had enough of hypocrisy and sham in connexion with the legitimate drama; and this time I was about to earn my golden reward without deception.

The day, the hour, the minute arrived, at last, and never had such an audience assembled before at the Royal Greenacre Gardens. Every publicity had been given to the entertainment—the prospect of sudden death had been delicately hinted at—nothing, in fact, had been neglected by my intelligent manager, who had long felt the public pulse in such matters, and the result was that twenty thousand happy and amiable beings were accommodated within the grounds, while fifty thousand more clung desperately to the walls of their paradise, and a larger number still were damned in the outer darkness of a remote distance. People were trampled under foot, like a field of corn; the weakest went to the wall, and never came back again; mothers squeezed into the crowd with children at the breast, and—lawk-a-laisy! who would have thought it!—the poor helpless innocents were smothered; house-tops were worth a guinea a foot in pure virgin gold; and every chimney within a mile of the place was the home of some straining column-stander. The tall old elms that encircled the gardens were full to bowing down with eager human fruit; platforms of slender planks were hurriedly raised, which snapped like egg-chests under a brewer's dray, crippling many a determined sight-seer in the splintered ruin; tall men were looked upon with dangerous spite by soiled and battered dwarfs, who felt inclined to bound upon the giants' shoulders, and wind themselves in their hair, like star-fish among the seaweed. A row of scaffolding before some newly-raised carcases of buildings at no great distance, was stormed like a fortress, at almost the same cost, while the empty, unseasoned skeletons of dwellings seemed to rock under the weight of heavy men, who clung to them as to a sinking wreck; and in the outskirts of the crowd a boy was murdered by a savage gang of costermongers because he refused to give up a telescope.

And what was the moving cause of all this excitement and wide-spread interest? A human being had undertaken to ascend a cord stretched from its root in the earth, to a small harbor of refuge near the top of a lofty tree, some two hundred feet high; and while in the centre of his perilous journey—at the half-way house of death—by throwing several clear summersaults in mid-air, to linger and dally with that fearful suicide, which was just covered, but not concealed, by the thin disguise of a clever gymnastic entertainment. Truly the British public had much ground for priding itself upon its rapid advance in taste and humanity!

The clock had already struck the hour at which I had promised to ascend, and the clown's dress, which I had selected for the probable sacrifice, was hardly put on in all its fantastic brilliancy; there was some pleasure in thinking that if I fell (as fall I might, although I felt pretty sure of my nerve and skill,) I should die in the most absurd costume of the whole mumming wardrobe. I knew that the hundred thousand fools who came to gloat upon the daring act would want to see my body after death; and, while I had made arrangements to turn even this catastrophe to profitable posthumous account, I was desirous that my corpse should present an instructive picture. The terms of Jeremy Bentham's will, in which he left his remains to science and Southwood Smith, could not have been stricter than the last will and testament of Signor Lunatico.

The manager came in with a gold watch in his hand, very nervous at the delay, and fearful that, at the eleventh hour, I repented of my rashness.

"My dear sir," he said, "don't let me hurry you at such a moment, but the people are beginning to get impatient."

"Couldn't you murder a baby, a waiter, or something of that kind," I replied, "to appease them?"

"Sir?" he returned, excitedly, not seeming to comprehend me.

"Suppose," I said, "I feel heartsick, and unequal to the effort?"

"Mr. War——, I beg pardon, Signor Lunatico," gasped the manager and proprietor of the Royal Greenacre Gardens, "I trust I am dealing with a gentleman?"

"Yes," I replied; "but gentlemen are human, and this experiment requires nerves that are superhuman."

"Mr. ——, Signor," returned the manager, "this is no time for bandying words. There's fifty thousand people in and about my gardens, who will tear everybody and everything to pieces if they're disappointed—"

"Of their prey," I filled in.

"Sir," continued the manager, becoming more and more excited, "I don't understand you."

"Are they Christians?" I continued; "are they white men?"

"Sir," repeated the gasping manager, "I don't understand you. They've paid their money."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I said; "pray announce that I shall be ready in a second."

"Thank you, Signor," he said, much relieved, as he left the place; and the next moment he heard the loud brass band playing the "Conquering Hero," &c.

I did it. Step by step I went up the rope, and as my howling enemies, the public, stood surging below, and uttered what they meant to be applause every time I moved my motley-covered leg, I felt a contempt for my fellow-creatures that almost amounted to ecstacy. The summersaults were successfully effected at a point from which the enlightened audience looked more contemptible still; and from my peaceful haven in the lofty tree-top, they appeared to have sunk into utter insignificance.

The daring feat, after a few months' performance, lost at once its novelty and its reputation for daring. As I demonstrated by experiment that a series of summersaults could be effected with the same mathematical certainty upon a rope a hundred and fifty feet above the ground as upon the ground itself, my visitors fell off by degrees, and the advanced prices of admission were considerably diminished.

From the moment that the shadow of death no longer hovered over the feat, an enlightened audience could see nothing wonderful in it.

TOO LATE.

Hush! speak low—tread softly—
Draw the sheet aside:
Yes, she does look peaceful:
With that smile she died

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still, white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;
Now, how still the violets
Lie upon her heart.

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread:
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her,
Brought her home at last,
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and name, and pride,
To see her looking happy
Once before she died.

They strove hard to please her.
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadened—
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And, besides, one sorrow—
Deeper still, one pain—
Was beyond them; healing
Came to-day in vain.

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day,
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him.
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened:
It was long ago.

I have read his letter:
Many a weary year
For one word she hungered—
There are thousands here!

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand!
See, I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest.
Well; I should not murmur,
For God judges best.

She needs no more pity;
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

THE LOVER'S PRIDE.

I believe there is no period of life so happy as that in which a thriving lover leaves his mistress after his first success. His joy is more perfect then than at the moment of his own absolute eager vow, and her half-assenting blushes. Then he is thinking mostly of her, and is to a certain degree embarrassed by the effort necessary for success. But when the promise has once been given to him, and he is able to escape into the domain of his own heart, he is as a conqueror who has mastered half a continent by his own strategy. It never occurs to him, he hardly believes that his success is no more than that which is the ordinary lot of mortal man. He never reflects that all the old married fogies whom he knows and despises, have just as much ground for pride, if such pride were enduring; that every fat, silent, dull, somnolent old lady whom he sees and quizzes, has at some period been deemed as worthy a prize as his priceless gallcon; and so deemed by as bold a captor as himself. Some one has said that every young mother, when her first child is born, regards the babe as the most wonderful production of that description which the world has yet seen. And this, too, is true. But I doubt even whether that conviction, is so strong as the conviction of the young successful lover, that he has achieved a triumph which should ennoble him down to late generations. As he goes along he has a contempt for other men, for they know nothing of such a glory as his. As he pores over his *Blackstone*, he remembers that he does so, not so much that he may acquire law, as that he may acquire Fanny; and then all other porers over *Blackstone* are low and mean in his sight—are mercenary in their views and unfortunate in their ideas, for they have no Fanny in view.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed. But he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make men happy, for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from a pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have ready got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

LONDON RIDING.

A correspondent of the *London Field* describes the fashionable riders of "Rotten Row" in London, as follows:—

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us.—*Burns.*

A slight sketch of some of the various phases of equestrianism exhibited daily in the ride in Hyde Park may perhaps amuse your readers, as I am confident that there are more extraordinary specimens of the bad, or, perhaps, I should rather say the ludicrous, school of equestrianism to be seen there than ever entered the inventive brains of a "Ducrow, a Batty, or a Cooke," whose "Scenes in the Circle" are quite eclipsed by the *al fresco* performers to be seen free gratis, for nothing, any fine afternoon in Rotten Row.

The ladies, of course, take the precedence, and I must do them the justice to say that they are less open to the accusation of making themselves conspicuous by the assumption of peculiarities in dress and manner than the gentlemen, though they certainly show a weakness in favor of gay colors and feathers, as to the propriety of which there is, to say the least of it, a considerable difference of opinion; yet still I can venture to draw the attention of the fair equestrians, and of your numerous readers, to no less than five different varieties of performers, and each fair lady can, of course, examine herself as to which of these classes she belongs.

1. *The shape of jelly.* Many fair equestrians seem to think that the more motion they can give their bodies while on horseback the more graceful and attractive is their appearance. That, I can assure them, is a very great mistake, and the idea that a lady's head is, as it were, only tacked on loosely to her shoulders, and in some danger of coming off, is anything but agreeable to the spectator or becoming to the fair lady. I am, however, very far from advocating an unnatural stiffness.

2. *The spread eagle* appears with her elbows held out alarmingly far from her side, and her hands well out before her, so that her body is as much disunited as it well can be. This style seems adopted for the purpose of display, and, while challenging criticism, seems to express the words, "This is the way to do it;" and as it is so stiff, and far too elaborate, it is not by any means to be commended.

3. *The corkscrew* is a much inferior variety to the last, and the specimens, I am sorry to say, are rather more numerous. If ladies will not endeavor to sit straight on their horses, so as to be able to look straight before their horse's head, and while sitting crooked try to rise in the stirrup while trotting, the corkscrew movement is inevitable; and no perfection of figure, taste in dress, or beauty in the animal on which she is mounted, can by any possibility render a "corkscrew" otherwise than exceedingly ungraceful.

4. *The look-at-me* seat is that practised by a few young ladies who, when not going at a smart—extra smart—canter, keep their horses in a perpetual fret; and the foam-covered bit and restless movements of the animal make the spectator sometimes think that the fair equestrian

Provokes the caper that she seems to chide.

I am aware that the above appearances are sometimes caused by natural fretfulness of temper, and at other times by the saddle having shifted in the course of the afternoon's ride so as to become uneasy to the horse; but, from the smile of conscious enjoyment that often bedecks the face of his fair burden, I am inclined to think that the horse gets frequent ally hints that these capricious movements are not disagreeable to her. Oh, fye!

5. *The quite at home seat* requires no remarks from me, except to congratulate the fair, (and I am happy to say numerous ladies come under this heading), on the possession of that which is in itself so graceful and becoming, for a lady with a good figure, well dressed, properly mounted, and with a good seat on horseback, seldom appears to more advantage; and long may they continue to practice and enjoy that graceful exercise which gives brilliancy to the eyes and complexions, and healthful vigor to the frames of England's fairest daughters.

And now a few words as to the gentlemen.

1. *The lounge* is a much more difficult seat to acquire in perfection than at first sight may appear to the unitiated observer. A first-class "lounge" must be an excellent horseman; he must know his horse well, and the animal must be a thoroughly well-broken park hack, and accustomed to a crowd, otherwise he will be sure to come to grief. The point to be studied while acting the part of a "lounge" is the appearance of a total obliviousness of everything and everybody, self included, at the time—a careless *abandon* in attitude, and an especial forgetfulness that the "lounge" happens to be in the saddle at the time. I saw a "lounge" reminded of things terrestrial in a very effectual manner awhile ago; he was a very fine specimen, and had evidently studied hard to become one; he was cantering in a sleepy sort of manner on the wrong side of Rotten Row, and of course not looking which way he was going, when he was suddenly brought in collision with a groom galloping after his master, and not expecting to meet any person going in the opposite direction, and, as the "lounge" was sitting loosely, he and his horse were both gravelled, but without more damage than a tailor could rectify. Anyone with the requisite qualifications, who likes to practise assiduously the hints I have briefly given above, may hope in the course of time to be perhaps taken some day for "a real lounge."

2. *The foreigner* is much addicted to long stirrups and fast trotting, and being generally all hat, beard, and mustachios, makes himself an object of attention, mixed with a considerable amount of ridicule; but as he seems pleased with his own performance, and the spectators do what he wishes, viz.: look at and laugh at him, he may be said to make himself as conspicuous as he by any possibility can desire.

3. *The horsey* is a style of equestrianism ...ly challenges observation and cri... ...ole turn-out is so elaborately ...ound, narrow-brimmed hat, ...bodied waistcoat, and very tight trowsers, that it is quite evident the specimen before us has no ambition to be taken for anything better than a rather flash groom out of place. I say *out of place*, because, if he had been in place, and in his place, he would have been in the Row in livery behind his master; and as he evidently wishes to be taken for a groom, I cannot help thinking that he is tolerably successful in the object of his ambition. These very "horsey gentlemen," however, sometimes make a very great mistake by even appearing actually in the saddle, for, unless they are really good riders, their appearance on horseback quickly betrays the fact that, so far from being decidedly of the equestrian order, and that it is only by the merest accident that they are ever seen on foot, they are indebted to their tailors for the error which the public is led into by appearances, which are proverbially deceitful, viz.: that they live, move, and have their being on horseback.

4. *Out for the day* so evidently is determined to have his pound of (horse) flesh for his money, that, as he urges his screw up and down the ride, generally going faster than the unfortunate quadruped on which he is seated, but which he cannot be said to ride, and as he wipes his dewy brow, he must find at the end of the day that, from various causes, he is considerably lighter than when he first clambered into the saddle.

I could enlarge upon many other varieties of the equestrian order to be seen every day in Rotten Row, such as "the would-be military," "the eccentric," "the tongs," &c., but your space has already been occupied quite sufficiently, and your readers will perceive that in Rotten Row they will find an inexhaustible amount of humorous scenes out of the circle to amuse them, and a spectacle which, take it for all in all, cannot be equalled anywhere.

CHASSEUR.

STEP-MOTHERS.

It is not pure Elysium to be the stepmother of fine kicking stepdaughters, nor is there anything very sentimental in the mode in which the stepmother is generally introduced into her new home. Let us suppose that a widower has married his first wife for love, that he has been tenderly attached to her, and that they and their children have made up a very happy family party. A dark day comes, and the wife dies. At first the husband is overwhelmed with grief, and the children feel some sort of sorrow too. But the business of life must go on. There is dinner every day to order—there are accounts to keep—servants to hire and discharge—lessons to learn and to superintend. The widower finds that all this is too much for him. If he leaves everything in the hands of a servant or governess, he knows that he is probably cheated and certainly bullied, and his daughters are under the care of a person in an inferior position of life. If he gets a female relation to keep house, he is exposed to all the difficulties that accompany governing a house through the medium of an inmate who has no legitimate authority in it. At last he begins to think that he had better give his establishment a new mistress. He looks about. As to love, he makes no pretence of it whatever. He does not marry because he likes, but because he cannot help it. In many instances his fortune is not sufficient for more than the children of the first wife; and therefore, if he is prudent, he requires a little money with his second. Still, for various reasons, he can generally succeed in his search. There are so many women without any home or recognized position, and so many who are ashamed of remaining unmarried and afraid of a solitary old age, that he is pretty sure to light upon one who will come to terms with him. But then it is a pure bargain. In return for an establishment, the lady agrees to marry without love, and to make the care of another woman's daughters one of the duties of her married life. She knows that she is married because it is convenient for the widower to marry her—and she knows her own very prosaic reasons for entering into the engagement.

But if little sentiment exists, the call of duty is clear; and many a stepmother who subsequently meets with abuse starts with a desire to do her duty. How hard it is to perform a duty where sentiment is conspicuously absent, those who know can tell; and she soon comes upon her trials. The children are prepared to give her all the trouble they can. They remember the kindnesses and forget the weaknesses of their own mother. Every old servant who is found fault with tells them privately how different things were in their dear mamma's time. Every novel they read treats the injustice and cruelty of stepmothers as a fact as clearly ascertained and as invariable as that bees make honey, or that wool comes from sheep. Every fault the stepmother commits is seized on as a sign that she is true to the character of her class; and the children triumph in the vindication of a general truth. Nor is she sure of receiving support from the husband. For it was part of his bargain that he should be comfortable at home; and if family disputes render him uncomfortable, he complains that the terms of the agreement have not been observed. He is apt to side with the children as against a legal wrong-doer. The wife, although she may have married prosaically, does not like to stand this—she does not like to be set at naught in her own house, and she determines to get the better of her husband. Every source of domestic marchy thus becomes increased, until the entire house is plunged into all the miseries of a sort of civil war. But the poor stepmother bears the entire blame!

In some cases, however, the stepmother's rule is not only submitted to, but lovingly acquiesced in. And when this happens, you will almost invariably find that all the parties concerned—whatever their station in life—are very superior people.

COURTESY.—No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman, and of a true man, also.

THE FIRST LADY PEEL.

Sir Robert Peel, the first baronet and the second manufacturer of the name, inherited all his father's enterprise, ability, and industry. His position at starting in life was little above that of an ordinary working man, for his father, though laying the foundations of future prosperity, was still struggling with the difficulties arising from insufficient capital. When Robert was only twenty years of age, he determined to begin the business of cotton printing, which he had by this time learnt from his father, on his own account. His uncle, James Haworth, and William Yates, of Blackburn, joined him in his enterprise, the whole capital which they could raise among them amounting only to about £500, the principal part of which was supplied by William Yates. His father kept a small inn in Blackburn, where he was known as "Yates-o'-the Bull," and having saved money by his business, he was willing to advance sufficient to give his son a start in the lucrative trade of cotton printing, then in its infancy. Robert Peel, though comparatively a mere youth, supplied the practical knowledge of the business; but it was said of him, and proved true, that he "carried an old head on young shoulders." A ruined corn-mill, with its adjoining fields, was purchased for a comparatively small sum, near the then insignificant town of Bury, where the works long after continued to be known as "The Ground;" and, a few wooden sheds having been run up, the firm commenced their cotton-printing business in a very humble way, in the year 1770, adding to it that of cotton-spinning a few years later. The frugal style in which the partners lived may be inferred from the following incident in their early career: William Yates, being a married man with a family, commenced housekeeping on a small scale; and to oblige Peel, who was single, he agreed to take him as a lodger. The sum which the latter first paid for board and lodging was only eight shillings a week; but Yates, considering this too little, insisted on the weekly payment being increased a shilling, to which Peel at first demurred, and a difference between the partners took place, which was eventually compromised by the lodger paying an advance of sixpence a week. William Yates's eldest child was a girl, named Ellen; and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at "The Ground," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, "Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt thou be my wife?" to which the child would readily answer, "Yes," as any child would do. "Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee and none else." And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened; and after a lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was, on every emergency, the high souled and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence; for Mr. Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the baronetcy had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that London fashionable life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to at home—proved injurious to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards accustomed to say, "If Robert hadn't made our Nelly a 'Lady,' she might ha' been living yet."—*Smiles's Self-Help.*

MAKING LOVE.—There is no such process as *making* love. The article cannot be manufactured. It is the spontaneous growth of the heart. Or rather it springs from a spiritual seed planted in a warm material soil, and is half a passion-flower, and half a heavenly exotic. As the soul survives the body, so the divine essence of love survives its passional instinct. This is always the case where the sentiment is genuine. But unfortunately spurious love is as common as spurious money, and as frequently passes current. Many men fancy themselves deeply in love, who have not the slightest idea of what the feeling, in its purity and plenitude, really is. Such persons mistake mere passion for affection. Their love, as they call it, lacks the divine leaven. It is coarse, selfish, unregulated, and being wholly "of the earth, earthy," is sure to be ephemeral. No true woman was ever made permanently happy by such love as this; but alas! how many place faith in it, and after giving in exchange for it all the wealth of their hearts, find too late that they have made a blind and thriftless bargain.

THROWING SNOWBALLS.—The following paragraph is from the Dublin Chronicle, of 27th of December, 1787:—

"The practice of throwing snowballs in the public streets is not less dangerous in its consequences than fatal in its effects, an instance of which occurred last Monday evening:—A gentleman passing through Marybone Lane was hit by a fellow in the face with a large snowball, upon which he immediately pulled out a pistol, pursued the man, and shot him dead. Those deluded people are therefore cautioned against such practices, as in similar circumstances they are liable, by Act of Parliament, to be shot, without any prosecution or damage accruing to the person who should fire."

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Water that has run by will turn no mill. Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man; a hot sun, supper, and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak till of the year till it is over. Every race has its liar, wanton, and thief. The mother-in-law forgets she was once a daughter-in-law. A mewing cat is no mouser. She must be fond of greens who kisses the gardener. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cup of water.

AFTER THE BALL.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MUNSTER.

They are gone—the wreathed flowers
Round the columns fade and droop;
White and cold, from crimson nicher,
Gleameth many a marble group.
'Tis the dreariest hour time numbers,
Cheerless herald of the dawn,
When the veil that hides the future
From the past seems half withdrawn.

Now the minstrel's strain is silent,
The laughing guests are flown,
And beside the hearth's dull embers
Sits the revels' queen alone:
Rich the robe that floats around her,
Changing like the mallard's neck,
And mock-pure the pearls that shimmer
Through the dark-brown hair they deck.

But her weary thoughts have wandered
To a glen far, far away,
Where to-night the moon is shining,
And the mountain stream at play;
She can see the quiet homestead,
Ivy-grown from base to roof,
And the checkered sunshine stealing
Through the larches' pensile woof.

She remembers how the robin
In the autumn sunset sang,
And the skylark's liquid carol
Through the bright June morning rang.
Ah! though Hope may o'er the future
Rose-hued radiance freely cast,
Yet she lacks the tender glory
Which Remembrance lends the past.

And the lady, sad and lonely,
Yearns this night to see once more
Scenes and faces loved and longed for
In the joyous days of yore;
But in vain—the bright glen-river
Shall flow backward from the main,
Ere the twain who met beside it,
Long ago, shall meet again.

Wake! such dreams unnerve the spirit:
Well thou know'st the past *is* past,
And on all thy glad youth's treasures
Thy bright eyes have looked their last.
Now for others shine the mountains,
Purple in the sunset glow,
And to other ears are uttered
Vows like those of long ago.

Then be happy as thou mayest,
As thy choice, so is thy fate;
Thou didst yield life's choicest blessing
To secure one dazzling bait.
If the fruit hath turned to ashes,
If the gold hath turned to clay,
Yet let none behold thy mourning
For the boon that's past away.

Dry thy tears, enjoy thy guerdon,
Let the heart thou hast betrayed
Mourn above the wreck and ruin
Which thy vain ambition made.
For thyself—with rank and riches
Thou hast cast thy brilliant lot:
Then be calm, and pray to Heaven
That the old time be forgot.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

Sunday morning rose. Arthur Danesbury attended divine service at St. Paul's, and then bent his course westward to Lord Temple's house at Kensington. The service at St. Paul's was over early, and Lord and Lady Temple had not returned from church. But they soon followed him in, and greeted him with glad surprise. He inquired, not without anxiety, after Lord Temple's health.

"I am getting strong again," was the reply. "When did you come to town?"

"On Friday morning. But I have been engaged, and could not get as far as this. I can stay with you to-day. How is my little godson?"

"You shall judge for yourself," answered Isabel. "You never saw such a lovely child as he grows, Arthur—and so good."

"Never was such a child before—in his mother's eyes," cried Lord Temple.

"Now Reginald! You know that he is lovely—and good."

"To be sure. Takes after his father in both respects," gravely responded Lord Temple.

They laughed at this. And Isabel quitted the room laughing.

"I am glad to see you looking so much stronger," observed Arthur; when left alone with his brother-in-law. "I had grave fears that you would never be strong again. In the spring, when I was here at the child's christening, and you were, so to say, well—I had my doubts of you."

"Ay, my renewed life is a blessing I did not deserve."

"Have you persevered in your resolution of keeping to water?" inquired Arthur.

"Yes, thank God! And I will persevere, by His help—persevere to the end. All that day, when I lay dying, as I and everybody thought, my inward prayer was, that God would mercifully renew my life to me—as He did to Hezekiah. Not for the sake of the life; the living longer in the world; it was not for that I so earnestly prayed, but that I might be enabled to atone for the past. Almost by a miracle, I was raised up. The medical men said it was a miracle to them; and I am sure it was to me; for I had every sensation of a dying man. After mercy so great accorded me, so direct an answer to my earnest prayer, how could I relapse into a careless or evil life? It was prolonged to me to redeem it; to strive to please God; to be useful to my fellow-men; and my first resolution towards this was, that I would never drink anything but water, so long as I should live. Wine and strong drink had led me on to most of the ill I had committed; they never shall again."

"Water is the only certain safeguard in such a case as yours," remarked Arthur.

"It is," assented the viscount. "Some men, your father, for example, can take stronger drinks, and never exceed a harmless quantity; but, were I to return to them, I might take too much, as I often used to do; therefore I keep the temptation at arm's length. Yet I have not escaped being tempted, even since my raising up—I shall never call it by any other name, Arthur."

"Tempted by your friends?"

"No. By my medical men. When I was growing better, they ordered me stout and wine; insisted on my taking it; told me I should never be well if I did not. But I kept my resolution. I was *helped* to keep it," added Lord Temple, reverently.

"Medical men little know the ill they do, in pressing stimulants upon patients who are recovering from illness," cried Arthur Danesbury. "A man rises from his bed as you did, weak, emaciated, trembling, a living skeleton. He cannot yet take very substantial food, and his doctor immediately orders him port wine—a glass a day, or two glasses, or three, as the case may be, by way of getting up his strength. Many, many have become intemperate from only this slight beginning. They learn to like the wine, and to crave for it; they continue its use, after health has returned, in gradually increasing quantities, and the rest is easy."

"I do believe you. I am convinced that it is so. Wanting the moral power to resist, and the better and higher safeguard, which I trust I have now within me, I should have been quite as ready to drink as my medical men were to order, and should have gone on from bad to worse. When Isabel was recovering, after the boy was born, they told her she must take double stout and port wine—that she *must*. After the first day or two, she did not dispute the point with them, but quietly let them believe, if they chose, that she did take it."

"And drank only water?"

"Of course. You know Isabel never takes anything else. She got strong none the slower for it, and I am sure the child lost nothing by the bargain. He really is a beautiful boy, Arthur," added Lord Temple, "but if I were to admit it before Isabel, she'd be prouder of him than she already is, and be for showing him off to the public in a glass case."

"How do you manage to abstain from wine when dining with your friends?"

"Oh, I have put it hitherto on the score of my damaged inside, where the bullet went," laughed Lord Temple. "The time may come, when I shall avow fearlessly my true reason, that water is better for the body, and better for the soul."

"*I* wish you would," earnestly spoke Arthur.

"It will come. Rome wasn't built in a day. Some of these days I may rise in my place in the House, and astonish the Lords by avowing that I have taken up the temperance cause, and call upon them, as good men and true, to legislate for it."

"I pray that I may live to see the day," aspirated Arthur Danesbury. "Much depends on you, of the higher orders: you make the laws, you are set in lofty places, you are the mighty counsellors of England's Queen. You might effect much, if you gave yourselves up, heart and spirit, to look into, and strive to check, this monster evil."

"The government might effect more than it does," said Lord Temple. "It might render the laws and the duty, affecting spirits, more stringent; it might close up some of the gin and beer shops; it might help in other ways. But, to suddenly convert the British community, from a toping people, into a sober people, is not in their power. Government cannot say to a man 'I will not permit you to touch beer, spirits, or wine, for they are not good for you!'" or, 'I will allow you but a moderate portion of each;' it is impossible. Such a change must come from a man's own will and heart."

"Undoubtedly it must. Still, much might be done towards it. The outward attractions of the gin palaces, their floods of light, might be put down. Why should they display a nightly illumination, more than other trades? If all shops were like them we should require no street lamps. These flaring establishments are the worst temptation to the poor, that ever were invented or permitted. It is all very plausible to say, man is a free agent, and need not enter them, unless he choose; but it is man's nature to yield to temptation, especially when it is thrown attractively in his way, as are these gin palaces. I was in one last night, Temple."

"You!"

"I, myself. I wanted to see a person on urgent business, and was told I might catch him there. I waited there for hours. And the scenes I witnessed kept me awake all night. I never closed my eyes till daylight. Misery, misery, nothing but misery. There lies an awful responsibility for guilt, somewhere."

"The question is, with whom does lie the responsibility," remarked Lord Temple.

"It might do some good, Temple, if you would move that the House should cause a return to be made, for one whole year, of all the crimes, accidents, and offences committed by parties when under the influence of intoxication," said Arthur, after a pause. "It might be productive of more benefit than some of the parliamentary returns are, for I cannot but think it would startle the legislature into acting."

"You should get one of the Commons to do that," laughed Lord Temple. "It is in their department."

"If ever I enter Parliament, the prevalence of intemperance, and its possible remedy, shall be the first point to occupy my attention."

"Do you think of entering it? I wish you would."

"The thought has crossed my mind at times," replied Arthur. "I may, some day: as you observe, of your rising in your place to astonish the peers. Have you learned yet to like the water?"

"A long while ago. If you put water and wine before me now, I would take the former from preference. I did not like it at first—I thought I never should; but with the habit of drinking it, the liking came. I am sure, also, that my general health is better for it. I question whether I should have wholly recovered, had I taken again to stimulants: perhaps might not have lived many months. And I will tell you another thing it is benefiting, and that's my pocket. I shall have my affairs straight in half the time that we looked for."

"Have you seen Robert lately?"

"No. Isabel was wondering what had become of him. That was a mad trick of his, the selling out."

"Yes, it was," said Arthur, sadly. "We did not know of it at home. He is going all wrong, I fear."

"I fear so, too," said Lord Temple. "Drink, again!"

At this moment, Isabel came in, tossing an infant of nine or ten months old. There was no mistake about his being a beautiful child, with his mother's clear, intelligent eyes, and his father's refined mouth. His white frock was tied up with blue ribbons, and his little fat arms were beating the air.

"There, Arthur," said his mother to him, go to your namesake, and uncle, and godpapa."

Arthur Danesbury took him, awkwardly, it must be confessed, and little Master Arthur immediately rewarded him by seizing upon his whiskers. Arthur the elder cried out,

"Give him back; you are not a nurse at all," said Isabel; "you should see what a famous one Reginald is."

"He has been in practice," said Arthur.

"I have not."

"Do you ever intend to be in practice?" returned Isabel, in a graver tone, which bore its own meaning, whilst Lord Temple carried the child across the room, playing with him.

"No one can answer for the future, Isabel."

"I once thought your choice of a wife would fall upon———. Shall I say?"

"If you like."

"Mary Heber."

A slight color flushed his face. He did not speak.

"Was I right or wrong, Arthur?" continued Lady Temple.

"Right: inasmuch as that, if I ever do marry, I would prefer her to all the world."

"Does Mary know it?"

"Not from me—in a direct manner."

"Indirectly, I presume. May I ask, Arthur, why you do not marry?"

"I have had too much anxiety and care upon me to think seriously of it," he said, in a low tone. "And I do not know that I could afford it."

"What!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "Not afford it?"

"Things have being going backwards with us for a long while, Isabel. Not with the business; but our expenses have so increased. They are a fearful drain."

"You mean the boys' expenses—their extravagance?"

"Yes. Robert's have been—I will not tell you what; and William's and Lionel's not despicable. Were I to inform my father now that I had resolved to marry, I candidly tell you that he would have difficulty in finding me a suitable allowance."

"But you are a partner. You have a share to a certain extent," debated Isabel.

"But what I had accumulated I have been obliged to put back into the business: we could not have carried it on without. And, for three years, I have not drawn my full share."

"Is it possible? Arthur, you are sacrificing your prospects to the others."

"There has been no help for it. The liabilities they incurred in London had to be provided for, to avoid disgrace. My visit to town now is caused by—by an act of Robert's"—he did not choose to speak more explicitly—"which will cost us £1,000."

"How wrong! how wicked of him!"

"I would put up cheerfully with all we have lost, if I could but see them renounce their habit of drinking. It grows upon them all."

"All! Even upon William?"

"Yes, upon William. He was decidedly better at the period of his marriage, but he is relapsing again. Lionel is much worse."

"What does Mrs. Danesbury say to this?"

"She is bitter against William, but ever ready to find excuses for Robert and Lionel; though William indulges, and has indulged, far less than either of them. I think this last exploit of Robert's will startle her."

"Why did he sell out, Arthur? He never comes here."

"We did not hear of it at Eastborough. I was going to ask you, Why?"

"I do not know. He does not come here. A considerable time ago he called, and was closeted with Reginald. I found afterwards he had come to borrow money."

"Was it lent him?"

"Two hundred pounds. He has not been here since. What is he going to do with himself?"

"Lead an idle life at Eastborough, I expect. I have orders to carry him down with me. He must be got away from London, unless we wish to be quite ruined."

"Indeed I would not have him at Eastborough, were I papa," exclaimed Lady Temple. "He should be left to himself, to take the consequences of his folly. Papa is not responsible for him, as if he were a boy."

"The consequences might be more serious than you imagine, my dear," was the grave answer. "No; he must come home."

"Does mamma make the evening home more cheerful?"

"Quite the contrary. I frequently sit in my own room, or go to Mrs. Philip Danesbury's; sometimes to William's."

"How hard it must be for Lionel! You say he grows worse, instead of better. Does he mean to take his degree?"

"Isabel, if he can only cure himself of his unhappy propensity, he will do that, and everything else that he ought. His wishes to do right are sincere, and he is clever in his profession; but he lets drink stupify away his time and his energies."

"And what of William?"

"Well—I hardly know what to tell you. We had great hopes that his marriage was to do wonders; and, both before it and after it, he was quite steady. But latterly he has been out again in an evening, and has, to my knowledge, gone home intoxicated. It is a cruel thing, so to speak of two brothers; but I fear that Lionel is just now William's evil genius."

"Lionel! In what way?"

"He is everlastingly after William; enticing him out, and leading to drink. As long as temptation is not thrown palpably in William's way, he keeps sober; but, let anybody urge it on him, and he succumbs. I do not believe William is so much a slave to liquor in itself, as to the inability to resist partaking of it, when set before him. Lionel, on the contrary, is a slave to it; he loves it; and there lies the difference between them."

"Why does not papa forbid Lionel to go after William?"

"My dear, they are no longer boys, that they can be controlled," replied Arthur, "they are men. My father has spoken to him, and urged it upon his good feeling not to induce William to drink. Mrs. Philip met Lionel last week, and gave him a sound chastisement, as far as her tongue could do it."

"What did Lionel say?"

"Only laughed, in his easy, careless way, and said William was older than he, and it was hardly fair to blow him, Lionel, up for William's misdoings."

"There is a good deal in that," mused Isabel. "William is the elder of the two, and a married man. He ought to have the moral strength, to resist any temptation that Lionel could bring upon him."

"*Ought!* there it all lies, Isabel. If we could but do as we ought, we should be good men. Lord Temple tells me that he still keeps to water; I think he is striving to do as he ought."

"Oh, yes, and he will do it," she said, with quiet happiness. "He is going the right way to work. He has found out where to look for help and strength. That dreadful duel, which I really thought would have killed me at the time, has turned out to have been a blessing."

"All things work together for good to them that love God," whispered Arthur, pressing his lips to her forehead. "Whatever sorrow may betide, remember that, my sister."

"No sorrow, such as that was, can ever befall me again, with reference to my husband," she answered, the tears standing in her eyes. "I am quite certain that in conduct he will keep right now; I have a positive, inward conviction of it, and so has he. And if death were to come to him, though very grievous for us, and for me hardly to be borne, we should only part in the sure hope of meeting and dwelling together hereafter. But oh, Arthur! that other death! when he was suddenly cut down in his sins! without having found Christ, or done a single thing to please God in all his life! I do believe it would have killed me, had he died. He has gone with me to the Communion table," she added, sinking her voice still lower. "Only think of that! And he never went before in all his life, save the Sunday after he was confirmed, and then, he says, he should have been better away, for he went through the ceremony, as a ceremony, entirely in a matter-of-course sort of way. I used to ask him to go with me after our marriage, when we were staying in Paris and attended the Ambassador's Chapel, and he would laugh and say he was not good enough. But he has been at last; he went of his own accord, without my speaking of it; and I can see that in time he will go regularly. It has made me so happy, so thankful."

"How much longer am I to be nurse?" called out Lord Temple, from the opposite end of the room.

Isabel laughed.

"Why do you not bring him here, Reginald? You have kept him yourself."

"But the young Turk has got his eyes and hands on this shining curtain bracket. If I take him away, he may deafen Arthur's ears with screams; and they are not used to the music."

Isabel rose, and took the baby. But if he had lost the curtain ornament, he had found his mother, and did not cry. She summoned the nurse, who carried away the child.

"I need not ask if you intend to make him a water drinker," said Arthur.

"No, that you need not," heartily responded Lord Temple, "neither he, nor any of his brothers and sisters who may come after him, shall ever touch aught but water while I control them. I don't know what they may do afterwards."

"'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' That was spoken by a wiser man than either you or I, Temple," said Arthur Danesbury.

"Dinner, my lady," cried a servant, opening the door.

"We dine early on Sundays," remarked the viscount, as he followed his wife and Arthur to the dining-room. "Isabel has got me into the habit,—and we find it to be a good one: more particularly as regards the convenience of the servants. But—talking about getting into good habits—do you know that St. George has become a water-drinker?"

"Has he? St. George!"

"He dined here a fortnight ago, and wine was placed on the table, as usual when we have any one with us, for I don't force my temperate habits upon my guests," continued Lord Temple. "But St. George said I might order the wine off again; he had given up drinking it."

"Did he give his motive?"

"Simply that—seeing so much evil arising from indulgence in it, especially to young men, he had come to the determination to banish wine and beer from his own table, before his children should grow up. Of course that could only be done by abjuring them himself; and he has done it."

"And his wife also," added Isabel.

Arthur looked up, amused.

"His wife! Charlotte used to say that she loved her wine, and could not live without her porter. She was unappeasably offended with me once, for telling her that it was the drinking porter made her so fat."

"She did love her porter," resumed Isabel, "but she says she loves her children better, and therefore makes the sacrifice: and a real sacrifice I can readily imagine it to be, to Charlotte."

"Ah," interposed Lord Temple, "if people were only brought up to drink water, as you two were, it is a sacrifice the world would know little of."

CHAPTER XVII.

A NICE YOUNG MAN.

Arthur took leave of Lord and Lady Temple at the church door, as they were going in for evening service, and proceeded towards the Golden Eagle. The shops were closed, every shop he passed; but the gin shops were open and lighted up, outside and in. Ought this to be? he said to himself: ought this marked distinction to be permitted? The shops closely shut, in accordance with our professed religion, and with God's commandment that the Sabbath shall not be desecrated, while these flaunting liquor palaces, with their evil attractions, are staring boldly open! He recalled to mind what had been said by his brother-in-law that day: that the legislature might do more to crush—Arthur would have said, not encourage—the vice, than they were doing. It was self-evident.

He reached the Golden Eagle. One of the first objects his eye encountered, on entering, was his brother Robert, in a state of semi-stupidity. He had been sitting, with other tipplers, for the last two or three hours, in the Golden Eagle's public parlor, and was now reeling out of it into the bar, on his way to quit the house, having drank away his money. Arthur went up to him, and laid his hand upon his shoulder; and, partially intoxicated as Robert was, he was startled at the capture, and cowered visibly. He was dressed as Arthur had never yet seen him dressed: in a common gray suit of clothes; not at all like a gentleman's clothes, and not at all like Sunday ones.

Arthur tucked his arm within his own, and led him out. The landlord followed: he had caught a word of the recognition.

"Oh, sir," he said to Arthur Danesbury, "is *he* your brother?"

"He is."

"I couldn't have believed it. Why, sir, you and he are as opposite as light and dark."

"Ay," returned Arthur; "he has made a friend of wine; I, of water. Good-evening, my friend. I thank you for your courtesy."

"Sir, good-evening to you," replied the landlord, and a bow of greater respect he had never made to any one.

"Where are you lodging?" inquired Arthur of his brother.

"It's—it's—not far," hiccuped Robert. "I can't take you there."

"Why not?"

"It's—it's a shabby place."

"Oh, never mind that. I have come on purpose to see it. Is this the way? Come, Robert."

His tone was decisive, his manner commanding, and the poor half-witted man yielded to it like a child. He led the way to a dirty house in the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, the door of which stood open. Robert began stumbling up the dark staircase.

"Can I get a light from anywhere?" inquired Arthur, totally unable to see, and hesitating to follow him.

"I—I've not got a light, Arthur. I've not had a light for four nights. Once inside the room, the street lamp shines in."

Just then, the door of an apartment close to them, was opened, and a woman burst out of it, holding a candle. She looked up the stairs, contemptuously, at Robert.

"So! you be in for it again, be you? You swore last night as you had no money to pay me; you have got some it seems, to lay out in drink."

"Will you oblige me by letting me have the use of a light?" cried Arthur to her, in his courteous way.

The woman had not seen him, he had been in the shade cast by the open street door, and she turned round and stared at him. Her manner changed, and she dropped an involuntary curtsey.

"Did you please to want anything, sir?"

"I am with this gentleman." But Arthur Danesbury positively hesitated at the last word, so untirely unlike a gentleman was Robert, then. "We will borrow your light, if you please."

"You are welcome, sir. 'Tain't as I've objected to lend him lights, but I can't be always a supplying of him, and not get paid. Candles he have had; and, three loaves, and a quarter of butter he have had; and a go of brandy, as I sent for, for him, for he was a praying and crying for it, as if he'd die; and two quarterns and a half of gin; and a piece of soap; and a tumbler and plate he broke—he can't deny as he have had 'em, and owes me for 'em."

"How much is it in all?" inquired Arthur, putting his hand into his pocket.

"Well, sir, I know it's as much as four shillings, but I can't reckon it up in my head, all in a moment. Oh, and there was the washing of his sheets; I forgot that. And there's the rent besides."

"How much?"

"Two weeks, sir, come to-morrow, at four-and-sixpence, making nine shillings. And if I says five for what he owes me, instead of four, I shan't be a gainer. A precious trouble my husband have had of him, in his drunken bouts! That 'll be fourteen shillings, sir, altogether."

Arthur placed a sovereign in her hand.

"Is any notice requisite? because he will quit your house to-night."

"No, sir," answered the woman, who appeared to be a sufficiently honest one, whatever may have been her faults of manner. "He gave me notice a week ago, and though he was drunk when he said it, of course it was a notice. Six shillings; I'm afeard as I've not enough change, sir, but I can run to the nearest public and get it."

"No, do not run there. You may keep the six shillings, in recompense for any trouble he may have been to you."

"Well, sir, there ain't many like you!" exclaimed the gratified woman, after a pause of astonishment—"but you carries the gentleman in your face. Can I do anything else, sir?—shall I run up and light a bit of fire in his grate? his room's chilly."

"Oh, no. I shall want a cab brought presently, if you have any one to send."

"Plenty, sir, if you wanted a dozen."

He took the candle from her hand, and followed Robert, who had disappeared up stairs. An open door guided him to the chamber. A cold looking room it was, as the woman had said, and wretched enough. Robert had thrown himself on the bed, hat on, and was already slumbering. Arthur knew him of old; that he had, naturally, a sullen temper. Perfectly sober, they might try in vain to extract from him particulars of his condition and doings, present and past; the only plan was to take him now. When semi-intoxicated, Robert was voluble, and would answer what was demanded of him. Arthur roused him up, and he sat on the side of the bed.

"Now, Robert, I have a good deal to ask you, and you must answer me. You had brought sufficient trouble and sorrow upon us, without this last act, which I believe will be the means of shortening your father's life. I speak of the forgery," he distinctly added.—"Your forging our name, and getting a thousand pounds and squandering it."

Robert burst into tears; a frequent habit of his, when in this state; and howled and sobbed piteously.

"There, that will do. How did you so cleverly imitate your father's signature?"

"I was at my wits' end for money," sobbed Robert; "I was desperate. My father refused me more money, and I did not know what to do. If I could not have got money to meet some bills, just then, I must have shot myself."

Arthur made no remonstrance to this. It would have been useless, in his present maudlin humor.

"Are there any more false bills out, purporting to be ours?"

"Not one. I swear it. Those three were all. I never intended to rob my father," he went on, sobbing like a child. "I meant only to use the money in my exigency, and to take up the bills when they were due. I did, Arthur."

"Then why did you not take them up?"

"Oh," howled Robert, "don't ask me."

"But I do ask you, and I must have an answer. Do you hear, Robert?"

Robert sobbed away.

"I went to—a—a place where they play, and I had it in my pocket, and I staked and lost it. I was drunk."

"As you are now," Arthur could not help saying, with contempt in his tone.

"And since then I have been in hiding, afraid of your finding me; and afraid of some others finding me."

"How did you so cleverly contrive to imitate our signature, I asked?" repeated Arthur.

"Oh, I practised it. I wish I could pay you back, but I never shall. I have not a shilling, Arthur. I have not a shilling or a shilling's worth left in the world; and I am next to starving."

Arthur looked round the room. It was devoid of luggage.

"Where are your regimentals?" he inquired.

"Sold."

"And your boxes?"

"Sold."

"And your ordinary clothes?"

"Pawned."

"Your linen, then?"

"Pawned."

"Your watch—is that gone?"

"Pawned."

"This is a pretty state of things," thought Arthur. "I wonder he did not pawn himself."

Robert sniffed and sobbed, and wiped his face with the sheet.

"Have you nothing but what you stand upright in? Am I to understand that?"

"That's all."

"You had a desk—you had many valuables, besides trifling articles; are they all parted with?"

"Pawned."

"Where are the pawn tickets?"

"Sold."

"Sold!"

"Every one," sniffed Robert, in danger of choking. "I parted with the last to a fellow to-day, for half-a-crown. Oh, I hope you'll forgive me! I did mean to place the money in Roberts's, to meet the bills. I hope you'll ask my father to forgive me! He will do anything you ask him, Arthur."

"You are without money, without food, without clothes. Had I not come here, what would have become of you? What should you have done to-morrow?"

"Drowned myself."

Arthur paused. He was deliberating.

"She's a horrid woman, that one down stairs," said Robert, beginning to ramble on some domestic grievance. "Her name's Huff. She wouldn't make my bed yesterday."

Arthur went to the top of the stairs, and, calling to the woman, requested her to get a cab. When it came, he turned to his brother.

"Now, Robert, come down. You are sure you have nothing to remove from here but yourself?"

"No. Where are you going to take me to?"

"Home."

Robert started up.

"Home! I won't go home. I won't, Arthur. How can you be so cruel? I will not face my father."

"You would rather do that than face the inside of Newgate," sternly returned Arthur. "It must be one or the other, by your father's orders."

"That woman won't let me go away. She's down stairs."

"Yes she will; and be glad to get rid of you," replied Arthur.

He put Robert's hat on his head, and conveyed him down to the cab, Robert resisting as much as he dared. Mrs. Huff officiously lighted them. There was some probability that the public house had been visited, and the sovereign changed, for her face was flushed now, and she smelled of gin.

"Had those 'palaces' been closed to-night, as other shops are," thought Arthur, to himself, "she could not have procured it."

"Where to, sir!" asked the cabman, touching his hat.

"Holborn," he said to the man. "I will direct you further, then."

His present destination was the Queen's Hotel. Arrived there, he was somewhat puzzled; for he did not dare to leave Robert alone in the cab, lest he might attempt to escape. He caused a waiter to be called to him.

"I cannot alight," said he to the man. "Go into my room, put my shaving tackle and other things into the portmanteau, and bring it down. And my bill with it. We are in a hurry."

The waiter did as he was told. Arthur settled the bill, and ordered the driver to proceed to the railway station; and by the first train that started, he and the disgraced Robert were being whirled to Eastborough.

So Robert and Lionel Danesbury had returned to their father's home. Robert's disgraceful crime was not allowed to transpire beyond the family; he was supplied with suitable clothes, and it was supposed, by the neighborhood, that he had only come home for a temporary sojourn. But that supposition was gradually dispelled.

What was to become of Robert? Who was to support him? Was he to live like a gentleman at home, upon the labors of others; or was he to go out into the world, and starve? Of course there was but the first alternative. He was unfit for everything; but, to keep him from idleness, or something worse, Mr. Danesbury assigned him some light employment in the works. Robert did not, for shame, object openly: he was conscious of his crime, and of the leniency which had been shown him: but when with his choice companions—and he was not long in finding such—he complained in a high and lofty strain, of the being forced to meddle with "trade;" of the degradation it was to him, Robert Danesbury, ex-lieutenant, an officer, and a gentleman!

CHAPTER XVIII.

EVIL COURSES.

The months and the years went on, and the names of the young Danesburys became a by-word in Eastborough. What was it that was blanching Mrs. Danesbury's cheeks, and rending their father's heart? "The boys have become confirmed drunkards!" they whispered to each other. It was so. Not occasional ones, as was the case when Robert first went home, but habitual. Night by night, sometimes early, sometimes not till morning, they would reel home partially intoxicated, or be brought in, helpless.

One day, a farmer, residing in the neighborhood, met Thomas Harding, and stopped him. "What's going to become of those two young Danesburys?" abruptly inquired he. "They are carrying on their game."

Thomas Harding, a hale old man now shook his head.

"It is a sad thing. Mr. Robert never comes to the factory, and his father cannot get him to it."

"I would not keep him at home in idleness," cried the farmer, indignantly.

"Mr. Danesbury has no other resource. He cannot turn him out to beg, or starve."

"Wouldn't I, though. He would look out for himself, if he were forced to it; and he won't have his father always here. I should send him back to London, and let him shift for himself."

Thomas Harding was silent. He knew what few others did.

"How much longer does Dr. Pratt intend to keep on the other? Mr. Lionel."

"Keep him on," echoed Thomas Harding. "He is a partner."

"Well, it is Pratt's own look out," returned the farmer, "but if he retains Lionel Danesbury, he won't retain patients. The wife of our carter, Ann Jones, was taken ill yesterday afternoon. Dr. Pratt had notice to attend her, and was asked to come himself, for she was afraid of young Danesbury, after what she saw of him when he came, half seas over, to that boy who was caught in the threshing machine."

"I heard of that," interrupted Thomas Harding.

"So did all Eastborough, I should think: but let me go on. Pratt was sent for yesterday, but he was out, and young Danesbury came. He was all right, they say, except being a little shaky, and talked and cheered up Ann Jones so pleasantly, that she was glad he had come, instead of the old gentleman."

"I am glad he was all right!" again interrupted Thomas Harding.

"You have not heard the end," said the farmer, significantly. "My wife had been in to see Ann Jones, and made her a present of a bottle of brandy, knowing it's sometimes wanted, and had drawn the cork, for the Jones's don't possess a corkscrew, and had put it loosely in, and left the bottle on their kitchen mantel-shelf. Ann Jones wasn't over quick, and Mr. Lionel was sometimes in her room, and sometimes waiting in the kitchen. He spied out this brandy, and said, to one of the women that he would take a spoonful of it, for he was thirsty, and she brought him a glass and some cold water, and left him. An hour, or so, passed; they wondered he did not come back to the patient, who was getting very bad, and one of them went to call him. There he was, lolling on the bench, as drunk as a lord, and the brandy bottles three parts empty."

"Too far gone to be of use," uttered Thomas Harding.

"Too far gone for anything. And who would trust to a drunken man? My wife happened to go there, just as they found him, and she ran home again, and sent a messenger tearing off for Mr. Pratt. The old doctor was at home then, and made haste, and was not a minute too soon. But, suppose he had not been found? the woman might have lost her life."

"It is very distressing," exclaimed Thomas Harding.

"It is what we cannot put up with," returned the farmer. "Much as we all respect Mr. Danesbury, we cannot be expected to lose our lives at the pleasure of his son. So, in future, if old Dr. Pratt can't attend himself, when anybody's ill, we shall call in the opposition doctor. I would not trust a cut finger to Lionel Danesbury."

The farmer's prophecy proved to be correct. Mr. Pratt was compelled to put away Lionel Danesbury. He dissolved the partnership, and took another gentleman in his place; so that Lionel, like Robert, was an idle vagabond on the face of the earth. Their evenings were, almost without exception, consumed in drinking, and their mornings were wasted in sleeping off the effects of the liquor. Their mother scolded, and implored, and wept; and their father reasoned, and persuaded, and threatened by turns. As for them, they would promise amendment in the light of the mid-day sun, when their heads were racked with pain, and their hearts softened by contrition. Mr. Danesbury repeated to them the question of others—what would they be fit for, what would become of them, if they continued these courses? look at their already clouded intellects and shaking frames! He would ask how it was that the dreadful habit was suffered to come upon them; to grow to such a height. They would reply, and with truth, that they could not tell; they never thought they were falling into habitual intemperance.

No. Few do. For it is the most insinuating vice that exists: no other evil, whether of crime or failing, steals so unconsciously over the victim it is fastening on. To what can its stealthy steps be compared? I am at a loss to say. Silently as the darkness covers the light at the close of day; imperceptibly as appears the first glimmer of morning; surely and quickly as winter succeeds to summer, and summer to winter; or step by step, unexpectedly and subtly, as glides on the approach of death? It is like unto all these; yet unlike: for though the darkness of the coming night, the light of the early morning, the gliding away of the seasons, and the grasp of the grave are things not in our own hands, or under our own power, and we could no more alter their order of working, than we could alter the truths of Holy Writ; yet the other, the sin that creeps on us like unto these, *is* under our own control, and we might arrest its progress in the onset, and thrust it far away.

Robert and Lionel Danesbury could have done this. They would not now. Oh, no: it was scarcely still in their power. So long as the cup of liquor could be obtained, they flew to it: they could not abstain: it was like the *ignis fatuus* which allures a traveller to his destruction. A yearning for amendment would at chance periods come over them. They saw men around them, the playfellows of their childhood, the companions of their youth, who were fulfilling their appointed duties in the world, honored and respected: but they knew it would be as easy to turn the sun from its course, as to turn them from the ruin they had entered upon.

They were not backward to declare that they would give over these practices, and become steady men. Their mother would, over and over again, put trust in their word, and pity them, and carry them tea, or a mess of broth, to their rooms in a morning, and urge them to partake of it, to "do them good." They did not turn angrily away from her, but they did from what she offered them—that was of no use to slake *their* thirst; they must have something else. Stealthily they would sup something else, of a different nature, and go down stairs, and—stealthily again, for they did not like their mother to see them drink it, in those moments of promised amendment—resort to the ale barrel, and consume long draughts of its contents. Ere half an hour elapsed, they would be as thirsty as before. A tumbler of brandy was what they longed for, but Mrs. Danesbury rigidly kept spirits and wine, now, under lock and key; though occasionally they would smuggle a bottle in, and hide it in their bed-rooms. Failing brandy, they kept on at the ale, and, by the time evening came, where would be their good resolutions of the morning? Unheeded, uncared for: or, if thought of, their physical and moral strength were not equal to carry them out, for the temptations of the public-houses, and the fellowship of their boon companions were irresistible.

Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury became old, and grey, and broken. Mrs. Danesbury's very nature seemed changed. There was little anger or scolding now; tears in plenty, and midnight wailings. The dreadful habits her two sons had fallen into, were no longer hidden from any; they could not be! and she was often tempted to speak of them to the servants, or to friends. Speak she must, to some one, or her heart would break.

Bitter, bitter repentance had taken hold of Mrs. Danesbury. Her grief had led her to the only sure fountain of consolation, where she had never gone in a right way before, and her heart was softening, and things were becoming clear to her. She looked back on the past, and in her self-reproach almost feared that she could never be forgiven. She had loved her children, been proud of them, been vain of them, had indulged them reprehensibly, winked at their faults, joined them in deceiving their father in trifles, been anxious to further their worldly interests. But what else had she done? Striven untiringly to lead them to God?—corrected their failings, trained them in strict habits of temperance, encouraged in them social virtues, shown them their duties, made them look on home as the dearest spot on earth? No; she had never done this. And, dreadful as were the present fruits, she knew that she was only reaping what she had sown. Often and often was the useless wish now wailed forth from her heart, that she had remained Miss St. George, or else been a childless wife.

But about this time there appeared to be a change for the better taking place in Lionel. A little for the better: not much. He less frequently forgot himself, came in earlier at night, and was more careful of his dress; for both he and Robert had fallen into slatternly habits in that respect. The change was hailed with thankfulness by Mrs. Danesbury, who looked upon it as a precursor to reformation. The real cause, however, came to light.

The inn chiefly frequented by Robert and Lionel was the Wheatsheaf. It was kept by a man, named Bing, and his wife, who had brought up their children in rather a superior manner. There were three of them, daughters, showy girls, too showy, the father thought, to wait upon his customers, so two of them had been sent from home to learn the dressmaking; the other, Katherine, an exceedingly well-conducted girl, remained with her mother. It began to be rumored in Eastborough, that Lionel Danesbury had latterly been seen walking with this girl: but, as is often the case, the last person to suspect it was Mrs. Bing, until one evening a gossip went into the Wheatsheaf and asked her if she knew where Kate was?

"She's up staffs," answered Mrs. Bing. "She went up after tea."

"Did she?" quoth the visitor, in a significant tone. "She's not there now, at any rate. She's in the lane yonder, a-walking with young Mr. Danesbury; his arm round her waist, and her hand in his, as snug as two can be."

"With young Mr. Danesbury!" uttered the mother, appalled at the news, and then taking refuge in disbelief. "Your eyes must have deceived you. Katherine would not be walking, like that, with a Danesbury, nor with anybody else. She is a properly brought-up girl."

"Bless us, they are all alike. Girls are girls, and will have their sweethearts: and so did we, when we were young. But young Mr. Danesbury's not a suitable one for Kate Bing, and the town's talking about it. I said I knew you were not encouraging that."

The visitor left, and Mrs. Bing went to the side door and looked out, full of trouble. She remembered that Kate had latterly spent a good portion of her evening time away from her presence, but she had suspected nothing. It was a bright night; and Mrs. Bing presently saw Kate come flying along, round the corner of the lane, her cheeks crimson and her eyes bright.

"Where have you been?" demanded Mrs. Bing.

"I wanted a bit of ribbon, and I ran out to buy it," was the girl's evasive answer.

"Now, if you tell me another word of untruth, I'll send you off to your grandmother's to-morrow, and you shall never come back of one while," retorted Mrs. Bing. "You have been walking in the lane with young Mr. Danesbury."

Katherine hung her head, and the crimson of her cheeks spread over her face and neck.

"Katherine, *have* you been walking with him?"

"Oh, mother," she answered, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and hiding her face upon her neck, "he is so fond of me!"

Mrs. Bing's heart went pit-a-pat.

"Which of them is it?" she asked. "Mr. Robert, or Mr. Lionel?"

"Mr. Lionel."

"Child," she said, sitting down, "I had a great deal rather you had struck me a blow, than told me this."

"Don't say so, mother. You would not, if you did but know the happiness it has brought to me! Everything in the world seems brighter and better since I had him to think of."

"How long have you been intimate with him? I mean intimate enough to walk with him."

"Not long."

"Is it a month? Or two?"

"No, I don't know that it is."

"Katherine," resumed Mrs. Bing, "it is just ruin, and nothing else."

Katherine stood up, her eye indignant.

"Mother! don't say such a thing of me! I don't deserve it. Mr. Lionel wants to marry me."

"Marry the nonsense!" contemptuously uttered Mrs. Bing. "A Danesbury marry one of you! You had better not let such a speech get to Mrs. Danesbury's ears; she'd box yours. And if he did marry you, it would be ruin, for he is a dreadful drinker. You know he is, Katherine."

"He is leaving it off. He says he shall leave it off quite, and never take to it again."

"You leave off walking with him: that is all you need think about leaving off," retorted Mrs. Bing.

Katherine did not answer. She knew she would break her promise if she gave it; for she had become completely enthralled by Lionel Danesbury.

The news did reach the ears of Mrs. Danesbury, and she taxed Lionel with it. He answered, in a somewhat flippant manner—that he should walk with any one he pleased.

"Your walking with Bing's girl will lead to no good, to you or to her," cried Mrs. Danesbury. "You cannot think to disgrace yourself and your family to marry her."

"She is as good as I am," returned Lionel, "whether to walk with, or for a wife."

"Lionel," sternly interrupted his mother, "let us have no more of this absurdity. She is not as good as you are, and she is not a fit wife for you; and were you to stoop to marry such a person, the daughter of a common public-house keeper, you must give up your family, for they could not recognize you afterwards. But, before you talk of marrying any wife, just ask yourself how you are to keep one. You are living now upon us!"

Lionel stood by the window as his mother talked to him, drumming on one of its panes. He was still gentlemanly-looking in figure, more so than Robert, for Robert had grown bloated, but his once clear eyes were clouded, his fresh color was gone, and his well-formed features were sunken. No lack of talents or of intellect had been granted to Lionel Danesbury, and how was he making use of them?"

"Who told you anything about my walking with Kate Bing?" he resumed.

"The place is ringing with it—and crying shame."

"The place may be swallowed! Let people mind their own business: it's no concern of theirs. Here's my father coming in from the factory: I'll make myself scarce, or perhaps he will begin upon me."

Lionel might have spoken more civilly: but one great evil, in such training as Mrs. Danesbury's had been, *is*, that it causes children to forget their respect. As he went out, Mr. Danesbury came in.

"Have you heard the report about Lionel and that Bing girl?" Mrs. Danesbury immediately began.

"I heard it some days ago."

"You must speak to him."

"I did speak to him," replied Mr. Danesbury. "But it appears that it has no effect; and the report is, that he means to marry her."

"What in the world can possess him?" uttered Mrs. Danesbury, in consternation. "Is he mad?"

"I have heard a curious version of what are said to be the facts," resumed Mr. Danesbury. "You remember that Lionel used to be forever with young Laughton, the solicitor—who is another one going the way of drink."

"He has been less intimate with him latterly," remarked Mrs. Danesbury.

"Lionel often saw pretty Jane Laughton, he was nearly always there, when presentable, and it seems he had grown very much attached to her. One day he told her so, and she answered him with undisguised scorn, reflecting on his habits. Lionel was half mad. The next day he was told that Jane Laughton was engaged to Thomas Boyd, and would be married shortly. He was in at the Wheatsheaf, half tipsy, when he heard it, and he swore a fearful oath that he would make an offer to the first girl he met, and be married before Jane Laughton. As he was leaving the Wheatsheaf, he met Bing's daughter coming in, and did make her an offer, and since then he has been much with her; and, they say, intends to marry her."

"Where did you hear this?"

"From William. He got it, he says, from a sure source, and thought it right to inform me."

If Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury were indignant at this proposed, (though whether in jest or earnest, they could not divine) marriage of Lionel's, Bing and his wife were equally alarmed. However they might be impressed by the honor done their daughter in the notice of a Danesbury, the unfortunate habits of Lionel were too notorious to admit of any chance of comfort for a wife. Kate was ordered to hold herself in readiness for a visit to her grandmother's; a sharp, active woman still, who had eyes on all sides of her, where young girls were concerned, and farmed her late husband's bit of land just as well as he used to do.

Bing resolved to take her himself, in the tax-cart. "No girl of mine shan't tie herself to a lazy boozing vagabond of a gentleman," quoth he to some cronies, on the night previous to the expedition, "and that's what Mr. Lionel is: and I don't mean no offence to his respected father in saying it."

"Nor to Mr. Arthur," chimed in one.

"Nor to Mr. Arthur, nor to Mr. William," acquiesced the host. "But as to the other two, they are no credit to anybody."

"Mr. William's not a saint, where a drop of good liquor's concerned. He don't spare it."

"And why should he spare it?" cried the landlord, indignant at the insinuation. "He takes his glass with any gentleman, but he keeps himself *as* a gentleman; he do. If the two young ones was like him, there wouldn't be no need of calling out."

Bing might have spared the projection of his journey in the tax-cart, and his wife the trouble of writing to her mother, to tell her to expect Kate, and to "keep her up tight," for, when the morning rose, Kate was missing. Lionel Danesbury was also missing: and, when the two came back to Eastborough, they were man and wife.

Mrs. Danesbury's doors were haughtily closed against them; but Mr. Danesbury, ever merciful, ever considerate to his erring children, who were fast breaking his heart, could not let Lionel starve; and he was established in a small cottage residence, to get what practice he might—Mr. Danesbury being answerable for the rent, and allowing them twenty shillings a week to live upon. Kate's father was inveterate, and would not notice her.

"What a come down," quoth the gossips, "for one of the wealthy Danesburys!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPORTANT.—CAUTION AGAINST VIOLENT PHYSICAL EXERTION.—Dr. Charles Kidd, in a letter, says:—

"The melancholy death of Captain Leicester Vernon brings to my recollection a statement made very frequently by our chief London Lecturer on Medicine, whose practice lies very much among the upper classes, and the poorest of the poor at one of the hospitals, to which he is chief physician. The statement is this: That almost all aristocratic young men who have been at Oxford or Cambridge, and especially those who have meddled much in pulling at boat races, have returned from their University affected with diseased blood vessels, and very many with diseased or dilated heart, brought on by the undue excitement of the circulation, induced by pulling at these boating matches. This statement is very remarkable, as this physician has had ample opportunities, after thirty or thirty five years of practice in the borough hospitals, of carefully comparing the relative proclivity to this mischief among the poor and among the upper classes; in fact, the matter is now well recognized at the insurance offices, and in the administration of chloroform, where a diseased heart has to be guarded against. It would seem the delicate fibres of the hearts of lads, sent to Oxford especially, who have been nursed in luxury at home, at once give way or yield before this pressure of 'remora' of the circulation of the blood, which state never leaves them in after life. The only other analogous affection this physician has met is one among the poor, half-starved Irish laborers in the street, who work at pounding down big paving stones with a heavy iron pounder; but the conditions in both instances as to remora are identical."

THERE never was a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gander came that way,
And took her for his mate.

☞ Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The other day we were reading a description of enthusiastic demonstrations at a political gathering, when the type went on with—"the air was rent with the *snouts* of three thousand people!"

☞ The girls at Cohasset make nothing of going into the water and bringing out a shark or a mackerel by the nose. They live chiefly on sea-fare, so that when kissed, they taste salt, and when they die, are preserved half a century. Their hair, in their old age, turns into dry sea-weed; and, if they have worn caps in their old age, the cap is stiff and glittering with crystalizations of salt, and, if you fall in love with them in their youth, you find yourself in a pickle.

BLONDIN.

Mr. Willis, in The Home Journal, thus describes M. Blondin's passage over the Niagara river in the character of an Indian chief:

"After being dressed in his flesh-colored tights, wampum apron, bead necklace, and moccasins, he came out (with his particularly uncombed sandy hair uncovered as yet by its crown of feathers), to look a little into the arrangements for his performance. For fifteen or twenty minutes the little Tecumseh was hopping about, trying the cords which held the ropes to the stanchions, cocking the pistol which was to be fired to announce his return, giving directions for the music, binding the ligatures of his balance-pole, and answering very merrily all the jokes and questions of the lookers-on. In his motions, back and forward, he took no regular step; he simply bounded. Like a child's soap-bubble, the difficulty seemed to be to get to the ground—to keep from floating away. During all this time, of course, I had the desired opportunity for the study of his face. It was one which nineteen people out of twenty, on seeing it in a crowd, would pass over as wholly uninteresting—the twentieth and more observant man giving him a good look, as one of the most coolly determined and honestly spunky little fellows he had ever seen. The top of his skull, of course is very high with his bump of firmness. His cheek-bones are prominent, his nose straight and with thin expanded nostrils, his lips thin and firm, his cheeks hollow and pale, and he wears a sandy moustache and imperial—*a la* Louis Napoleon. Though anything but a beauty, he is a man it is impossible not to take a fancy to. Retiring to his shanty for a minute or two, after all was arranged his reappearance was announced by a grand utmost-lane from the band, and forward came Tecumseh, with a high crown of many-colored feathers on his head—not with a slow pace, as would be expected from an Indian Chief, but dancing a jig all the way to the precipice. It was curious, however, to see that the smile on his lip, and his other signs of merriment for the many, were altogether mechanical and artificial, while the closely-pressed eyelid through which his keen, blue eye was hardly visible, showed the inner mind's utter absorption and concentration in the work he had to do. The rope was drawn from shore to shore, eight hundred feet across, and two hundred and fifty feet high over the Niagara rapids—a perilous bridge for human feet to walk! I took hold of his arm as he stood trying the rope for a moment with the ball of his foot. It was like a bunch of iron wire, wholly unimpressible. And away he went—his moccasined feet hugging the two sides of the swaying cable, his balance-pole playing up and down, and his little figure gradually diminishing as he walked steadily on and reached the middle of the chasm, where he proceeded to stand upon one leg and hold the other out at right angles. The spectators, of course, were all breathlessly silent; though I found it much more breathless to think of afterward than to see done. He did it with such apparent ease and certainty, that it was like seeing a bird fly or a spider walk the ceiling—not to be wondered at for that kind of creature. I am inclined to think it would be more startling (better enabling one to imagine himself in the performer's place) if he were to do it in common clothes. Looking scarcely larger than a butterfly as he reached the opposite shore, Blondin remained 15 or 20 minutes out of sight, and then the pistol was fired to announce his return. He came quietly on to the centre, where he stopped to lie down at full length on the rope, and execute various posture and gymnastics; and, between this and his reaching our shore again, he made several pretended trips, as if losing his balance—the screams of the affrighted ladies, at this, very comically varying the tune which was being endeavored by the band. As he came up the slant of the rope again, I saw that his lips were tightly drawn together, and his features were rigidly set with the mental exertion, and it was an expression of face that would be worth painting as a type of determined will. Through all the anxiety of a spectator's suspense, I could not help admiring the little man exceedingly, and I was the first to give him a hand as he stepped on the cliff. It was a cold, clammy grip that he gave me in return, and his fingers felt icy and wet. Everybody who could reach him gave him a shake of the hand on his way to the shanty, and the enthusiasm for him seemed universal. And so ended 'the show' of a human life put fearfully in peril! Mr. Blondin, I was afterward told, has a wife and several children, and resides at Niagara, having adopted it as his theatre of performance. His professional profits amount to ten thousand dollars a year."

The above should be read in connection with an article on "A Discerning Public," on our fourth page. If Blondin is the man we take him to be, he felt a thorough contempt for his whole audience on the above occasion.

USEFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—Some time ago, says the *Journal de Chimie Medicale*, Dr. Field was induced by a homœopath to put two drops of a solution upon his tongue, and was immediately seized with uncontrollable fits of yawning, and soon became insensible. The homœopath supposed that he had committed murder, but was considerably relieved when, having administered stimulants, he observed the patient restored to consciousness. The substance of the solution turned out to be nitrate of oxyde of glycile, a powerful poison obtained by treating glycerine at a low temperature with sulphuric or nitric acid. One drop mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirits of wine constitutes the first dilution, and Dr. Field was immediately struck with the idea that, if much weaker, the solution must be a useful sedative of the nervous system, while the homœopath was overjoyed at the discovery of a powerful remedy for apoplexy. Dr. Field tried the new remedy on a lady, sixty-eight years of age, who suffered from neuralgia, and experienced no relief from the ordinary remedies. The fourth part of a drop of the solution was administered and afforded relief, and the second dose effected a complete cure. It has since been tried in cases of headache and dental neuralgia, with equal success.

VENTILATING BOOTS.—The object of the invention is the complete ventilation of a boot, shoe, or overshoe, so that the vapors which are constantly passing off from the feet may be carried away, and the feet thus kept in a dry, comfortable, and healthy state. This important object is accomplished simply by making the inner surface of the shoe corrugated or grooved; the grooves being longitudinal, transverse, and diagonal, so as all to communicate with each other and with the mouth of the shoe. To prevent dust or water from entering these grooves, a shield is constructed around the mouth of the shoe, this shield being fastened to the inner surface and folded over the edge so as to hang down a short distance. It should not lap down closely upon the edge of the shoe, but should be of sufficiently rigid material to maintain itself a little above the edge, thus forming a channel for the escape of the air. In walking, the air will be pressed from the grooves in the bottom of the shoe whenever the weight of the wearer comes upon it, and the grooves will be again filled with air when the foot is raised, and thus a constant circulation is produced.

☞ "My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear," replied Julia, "I believe I could *take him at a pinch!*"

DEATH OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

The Paras brings the news of the death of the Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the last of that family which the genius of Napoleon raised from obscurity to place and power.

Jerome Bonaparte was fifteen years younger than Napoleon. He was educated in part by Madame Campan, and entered the navy when his elder brother assumed the consulship. It was while in the navy, and while cruising in American waters, that he first met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a young lady noted for her beauty, in a city which is famous for its beautiful women. They were married on Christmas Eve, in the year 1803. In 1805, they crossed the Atlantic, but did not enter France, for orders had been given not to admit the lady deemed plebeian by the "plebeian Emperor." Soon after arriving in Europe, their first child, the present Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, was born.

A little later still, under the stress of Napoleon's desire that his relatives should marry into royal families, their marriage contract was annulled, and in 1807 Jerome was married to the Princess Frederica of Wurtemberg, who died about twenty-five years ago. The Princess Mathilde, the (divorced) wife of Prince Demidoff of Russia, and Prince Napoleon, husband of the Princess Clotilde of Sardinia, are their surviving children. Jerome became, after his second marriage, successively Admiral of the French navy, Prince of the Empire, King of Westphalia, and exile. He had the honor of leading the French charge in the battle of Waterloo, and then again became a fugitive.

He resided in Austria and Italy, under the title of Count de Montfort (given him by the King of Wurtemberg,) until the *coup d'etat* elevated the Third Napoleon to a royal seat, when he again frequented the Tuileries. During the Presidency, he had place and privileges; and, under the Empire, until the birth of the Prince, he was heir presumptive to the crown. His first wife still resides in Baltimore, and through a life that is now long, has remained faithful to her first and only marriage vows, whose annulment she would never acknowledge, while her faithless and weak husband, whether in the Westphalian Court or the Palais Royal, has forgotten both his first and last, and, dying, bears no nobler title than the last of the family of the Corsican.

By the death of the Prince Jerome, his son, the Prince Napoleon, becomes, in case of the death of the Prince Imperial, the heir to the throne of France.

Prince Jerome, in person, was tall, and much slimmer than the first Napoleon, whom, however, in countenance he very much resembled.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A gentleman of this city, who has been many years engaged in the prosecution of military claims, fell in accidentally with a case in which both a man and his wife received pensions for revolutionary services. The singularity of the case struck him so forcibly, that he instituted an inquiry, and elicited from an old lady, the sole surviving descendant, the following facts. (We state them substantially, but our informant not being present, it is possible that we may be incorrect in some insignificant particulars.)

Early in the Revolutionary war, a man named Lane (we think) enlisted in a company raised in the neighborhood of Manchester, to serve three years. He went, with his regiment, to the North, and there joined Washington's army. Taking part in all the previous battles, he was severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown, and during the battle and after was taken care of by a brother soldier, to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company with himself. The term of service having expired, these two soldiers were discharged, and returned home, devoted and inseparable friends. In the meantime, the tide of war rolled on to the South, and the couple had scarcely reached their destination, when they again enlisted to serve in General Lincoln's army, at that time engaged in the siege of Savannah.

Our readers well know that Lincoln was afterwards cooped up in Charleston, and compelled to surrender, after a long siege, to the royal forces under the command of Sir Henry Clinton. Throughout this siege, Lane and his friends stood to their posts like heroes, and did their duty bravely. At last Lane's comrade was wounded in turn, and was carried off the field in the arms of his devoted friend. What must have been the amazement of Lane on discovering that the brave comrade who had so long fought by his side, and had nursed him so tenderly when he was wounded, through the report of the attending surgeon, was a woman! It appears that she had accidentally fallen in with him somewhere, and had formed a strong attachment to him. At the same time, from some cause or other, she had made so little impression upon him, that he did not recognize her in the least when he afterwards met her disguised as a soldier. She was in despair when Lane enlisted, and under the influence of that feeling she fled from her parents' home, donned the continental uniform, and followed him to the wars. What followed was a proper finale to such a romance. The wounded woman recovered, and as soon as the twain were released from captivity they became one. They lived many years very happily together, and left several children.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

ABUSING.—It is a rule in Paris that every tenant of a hired house or suite of rooms must give a long notice before he quits, and that from the date of the notice the apartments must be shown to all persons desiring to see them. Young Alexander Dumas has lately been sadly annoyed by the working of this rule. His landlord, either from spite or to enhance the value of the house, placed his advertisement in the papers:

"For rent at $800 a year, a handsome small house with a garden, Rue de Boulogne, No. 10, at present occupied by Monsieur Alex. Dumas, Jr. Apply Rue de Blanch, No. 72."

Every idle man, woman, and child in Paris has run thither to see the author's house—to see how it was furnished—to see whether it be true that it was cheaply furnished—to see if traces could be detected there of the other sex; a stray veil, an errant bonnet, a forgotten dress. Consequently he was driven to hire another lodging till his old one was let.

"SWEETS FOR THE SWEET!"—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Pernambuco, South America, in speaking of the sugar trade at that port, says:

* * The sugar is deposited in the warehouses, emptied from the bags, sorted, &c. If a person would retain his relish for sweetening, he should by all means abstain from visiting these houses. Here he will see naked negroes up to their thighs in sugar—sitting upon it, sleeping upon it, rolling over it—the perspiration the while oozing from every pore, and he will, no doubt, turn from the spectacle profoundly impressed with the belief that sugar, also, is a humbug.

☞ THE SEVEN SENSES.—A schoolmaster was one day questioning a class, and asked how many senses there were.

"Seven, sir," said a little fellow, with great confidence, drawing himself up to his topmost height.

"Prove it," said the master.

"Well, taste is one; feeling, two; smelling, three; two ears, five; and two eyes make seven."

☞ When Charles Fox's country house was on fire, and he found all efforts to save it useless, he actually went to an adjoining hill to make a drawing of the fire—an instance of philosophy almost without parallel.

NEWS ITEMS.

Ten years ago Wisconsin had not a single mile of railroad completed within her borders. Now, nearly one thousand miles are traversed by the cars.

Shipment of Flour for Europe.—For a long period the shipments of breadstuffs from this country to Europe have been quite small, but the tide appears to have at last turned, and if the foreign advices hereafter are similar to those received the past few weeks, the amount forwarded the present season will doubtless present a large increase on former years. We understand that during the last fortnight about thirty thousand barrels of flour, of common grades, have been taken out of store in this city, and shipped for European ports.—*Boston Traveller.*

Ladies' "parlor skates" are noticed in Boston. They are made to all appearances like ordinary skates, but have in the runners little brass wheels, neatly covered with leather, so that the wearer can skate over an ordinary floor with ease and safety. It is said that ball-room skating is to be the rage at the watering places this summer.

Buried Alive.—A curious incident is mentioned by the Cattaraugus (New York) Republican, in which a child narrowly escaped being buried alive. The child, as it was supposed, died on Sunday, and on Monday preparations were made for its burial. On Monday afternoon the funeral was held, and the body of the child, accompanied by a large number of friends, was conveyed to the grave. As the dirt began to fall upon the coffin, a feeble cry was heard. The coffin was instantly raised and opened, and a shriek of "mother!" burst from the lips of the resuscitated child. It is useless to attempt a description of the scene that followed. The child is in a fair way to recover.

A peasant boy in Ireland, on hearing a clergyman denounce the "revival," and warn the people against it as the work of the devil, replied, "Ah! thin, your riverence, it must be a new devil, for that is not the way the ould devil used to make the people behave themselves."

Jacob S. Harden, who poisoned his wife, was executed at Belvidere, N. J., on the 6th. He was renowned for his success as an exhorter and revivalist. He is said to have given the poison on a piece of apple, while his young wife was sitting on his knee, caressing him.

Burned to Death.—On the evening of the 17th ult., Senorita Isabel Quintero, daughter of the Fiscal Attorney General of Havana, Cuba, was bathing her person with rum, when the spirits caught fire, and she was burned to death.

What Money the Singers do Make!—Here's Kate Hayes foreclosing a $35,000 California mortgage; Jenny Lind supports a husband in luxury; Alboni is building a palace; Grisi can agitate a stock market; Piccolomini accumulates £40,000; all of any account in the business earn from $500 to $1,500. Brignoli, for instance has steady employment at the latter rate, saves, gossip says, nearly two-thirds of his income, and manages to maintain the vital spark and indulge in an occasional frugal meal on $500 a month.

In Sanilac, Michigan, Alexander Fry, having become a religious monomaniac, endeavored to cut off his right hand, according to the Bible injunction, and injured himself fatally.

The Maysville (Ky.) Eagle gives an account of a bearded woman residing in Lewis county, in the same State. It is said she had no indications of beard until last September, when the hair commenced growing upon her face, growing very fast sometimes, as much as half an inch a week. She now has a heavy, black beard, coarse like that of a man. A space of about an inch in width, from the mouth, over her chin to her neck, is free from hair.

The Reward of Charity.—A youth by the name of John Butterworth, in Bedford county, Va., a year or two ago found an old Englishman, then living in Roanoke county, lying by the roadside in an intoxicated and freezing condition. Young Butterworth procured a buggy, carried the old man home, warmed him, and nursed him, until restored to health. When the young man was leaving the house, the old gentleman remarked that he would remember him. The old gentleman afterwards removed to Texas, invested his funds, and became wealthy. He died a short time ago, leaving his whole estate to his young friend, who thus becomes worth about one hundred thousand dollars.

Frederick Douglass has returned from England, whither he went shortly after the Harper's Ferry outbreak, and is now at his post as editor again in Rochester, New York.

Noble Benefactions.—John Rose, of New York, died a few months ago, leaving by will, $300,000 to purchase a farm, on which to place such destitute children of New York, as might be placed under the guardianship of the Rose Benevolent Association. One of the conditions of the bequest was that a like sum should be raised by others. Charles Cook, of Havana, Schuyler county, New York, offers to contribute the other $300,000, provided the farm and institution shall be located at that place.

Lola Montez.—The celebrated Lola Montez, Countess of Lansfeldt, lies in New York at the point of death. On Saturday morning, 30th ultimo, she arose in her usual health, but soon complained of giddiness, and, lying down, was at once deprived of speech and motion by a paralytic stroke. Sunday and Monday she was able to partially recognize those about her, but afterwards seemed to have lost all consciousness, and was pronounced by her medical attendants as beyond hope of life.

—Notwithstanding the doctor's opinion, Lola is said to be recovering.

Private letters from official sources state that the Prince of Wales, during his visit to America, will go east as far as Portland, and west as far as Cincinnati.

The Commissioners appointed to decide on a site for new public buildings, for the city of Philadelphia, have determined upon Penn Square, at the intersection of Broad and Market streets. The northwest division of it is designated for a Court House, and the northeast division for a City Hall.

It is authoritatively stated that the widow of John Brown has not received a dollar from Hayti, although the report has gone abroad that $30,000 was sent to her from that country. The amount of the aid received by this family from other sources is not so large as it is generally supposed to be.

The Stereoscope Fifteen Hundred Years Old.—At the sixth monthly meeting for the season of the Photographic Society of Scotland, Sir David Brewster, President in the chair, the President read a paper entitled "Notice respecting the Invention of the Stereoscope in the Sixteenth Century, and of Binocular Drawings by Jacopo da Empoli, a Florentine artist." Sir David said that, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, he found that its fundamental principle was well known even in Euclid, that it was distinctly described by Galen 1,500 years ago, and that Baptista Porta had, in 1599, given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, that we recognize in it, not only the principle, but the construction of the stereoscope. Last summer, Dr. John Brown, while visiting the Musee Wicar at Lille, observed two drawings placed side by side, and perfectly similar. These drawings were by Jacopo Chimenti da Empoli, a painter of the Florentine school, who was born in 1554, and died in 1640. They represent the same object from point of view slightly different. That on the right hand is from a point of view slightly to the left of that on the left hand. By converging the optic axes, the pictures could be united so as to produce an image in relief, as easily and as perfectly as with an ordinary stereograph.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—At a recent meeting of the Democratic State Committee, the following resolutions were adopted by 45 to 15:—

First, calling on the Democracy of the State to unite in support of Gen. Foster for Governor, and to bury all differences on the Presidential question in the local elections; second, recommending the Democratic party of the S ate to unite on the electoral ticket formed at Reading on the following basis: If it should appear, on ascertaining the result in other States of the Union, that by casting the entire vote of Pennsylvania for Douglas it would elect him, said electors shall be under obligation to cast said vote in that way; if the said vote would not elect Douglas, but elect Breckinridge, then shall it be cast for Breckinridge; if the said vote will elect neither Douglas or Breckinridge, then the electors may divide according to their own judgment—the basis of this united action being that it is the first and highest duty of all good Democrats, however differing about men and minor points of principles, to unite firmly against the common enemy.

The Chairman of the Committee was authorized to communicate with the electors, and obtain their pledges within thirty days to act under this obligation.

Prior to the adoption of the Compromise resolutions, many propositions were made—among others, one declaring Douglas the nominee of the Democratic party for President, which was voted down by yeas 19, nays 43.

The Philadelphia Press, and a number of the Douglas leaders, say they will not acquiesce in the above electoral ticket arrangement, but will have an out and out Douglas electoral ticket.

The Douglas meeting in Independence Square, on the 4th, passed a resolution relative to the proposed compromise, saying they "spurn the proposition with contempt, as disastrous to the present and future organization of the Democratic party."

Washington.—Hon. Miles Taylor, Chairman of the Douglas National Committee, is out in a circular to that branch of the party in the different States, in reference to joint electoral tickets, in which he says:—

"So far as is known to the members of the resident Executive Committee, no person who supports the action of the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore—no person who desires the election of Stephen A. Douglas to the Presidency, and of Herschel V. Johnson to the Vice Presidency, has ever expressed a wish for any such arrangement, or entertained, or even countenanced, for a single moment, any suggestion or proposition tending towards it. Nor does the Committee believe that any such arrangement can with propriety be made at any time, in any place, or under any circumstances, with those who have placed Breckinridge and Lane in nomination, and are now their avowed supporters in opposition to the regular nominees of the Democratic party."

Missouri.—At a Breckinridge ratification meeting in St. Louis, Senator Green made a speech, after which new nominations were made for Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the State. Hancock Jackson was selected for the former office, and Monroe Parsons for the latter. These two candidates have been put in the field on account of the Douglas proclivities of the present Democratic nominees.

Ohio.—The Democratic State Convention, met at Columbus on the 4th, and nominated candidates for Supreme Judge, &c. Resolutions endorsing the nomination of Douglas and Johnson were adopted, when fifty Breckinridge and Lane men withdrew from the Convention and met at the Neil House.

The bolters appointed a State Central Committee, and issued a call for a State Convention, to meet in August, to nominate State officers and an Electoral ticket.

Washington.—The Jackson Democratic Association, which has been twenty years in existence, and exercises much political influence was, on the 2d, totally disrupted by disagreements among its members on the Presidential question.

New Jersey.—The Democratic State Executive Committee of New Jersey have resolved to call a State Convention to provide for the harmony of the party on the basis of a compromise by choosing an electoral ticket containing four for Douglas and three for Breckinridge electors.

Maryland.—The Baltimore Democratic City Convention having passed resolutions in favor of Douglas and Johnson, by a two-thirds vote, the Breckinridge man bolted and left the Convention.

Oregon.—Returns from twelve counties in Oregon give the Democratic candidate for Congress 1,032 votes, and the Republican candidate 1,033. The counties to hear from gave 152 Democratic majority last year.

Material changes have been made in the party vote on both sides, as compared with that of last year, in the counties heard from, and both parties are hopeful.

All accounts agree that such a Legislature of Republicans and Anti Lecompton Democrats has been chosen, as to insure the defeat of Gen. Lane and Delazon Smith to the Senate.

The Democratic Vote in 1856.—The following official table of the Democratic vote for President, in 1856, is interesting:

Free States. Buchanan.		Slave States. Buchanan.	
Maine,	39,080	Delaware,	8,004
New Hampshire,	32,789	Maryland,	39,115
Vermont,	10,569	Virginia,	89,706
Massachusetts,	39,240	North Carolina,	48,246
Rhode Island,	6,680	South Carolina (Presidential electors chosen by the Legislature,) say	30,000
Connecticut,	34,995	Georgia,	56,581
New York,	195,878	Florida,	6,358
Pennsylvania,	230,772	Alabama,	46,739
New Jersey,	46,943	Louisiana,	22,164
Ohio,	170,874	Mississippi,	35,446
Indiana,	118,670	Arkansas,	21,910
Illinois,	105,348	Texas,	31,169
Iowa,	36,170	Tennessee,	73,638
Wisconsin,	52,8 3	Kentucky,	74,642
Michigan,	52, 36	Missouri,	58,164
California,	53,365		
	1,226,352		641,889
Add vote for Governor in 1857,:			
Oregon,	5,545		
Minnesota,	17,790		
Dem. votes,	1,249,687		

The Great Eastern, and the Ark.—The daily World makes the following comparison between the dimensions of the Great Eastern and those of Noah's ark, making the calculation in English feet, and "calculating the tonnage after an old law." The ark is quite overshadowed.

	Noah's Ark, according to Sir I. Newton.	Noah's Ark, according to Bish. Wathins.	Great Eastern
Length between perpendiculars	516.62	547	676
Breadth	85 94	91.16	83
Depth	51.56	54.70	58
Keel, or length for tonnage	464.06	492.31	630.02
Tonnage according to old law	13,282	21,762	33,092

A Plot to Murder Napoleon and Garibaldi.—The Florence correspondent of the Providence Journal says that some surprising revelations are being made in an investigation going on under the direction of the Commandant Ballot of the French garrison. A plot has been discovered, in which several of the Roman prelacy are said to be implicated, with no less an object than to cause the assassination of the Emperor Napoleon and General Garibaldi. The head of the former, according to the testimony, was valued as high as 500,000 francs, and that of the latter 100,000 francs. Two individuals, with the names of Franchi and Mariani, were the ones to put the design into execution. The examination is still going on.

The Austrian artillery has been making experiments with rifled cannon loaded with gun-cotton. Although the twist is very considerable, the pieces can be loaded at the muzzle. At the last account they had succeeded in throwing a six-pound ball three miles with six ounces of gun cotton. These guns are very light, and this, with the small quantity of ammunition required, renders them particularly applicable to mountain warfare, especially as it is possible to fire for a considerable time before the enemy learn whence the shots are coming, since the gun-cotton makes no smoke.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts have been unusually light during the past week, some 3500 bbls found buyers for export, at $5½@5¾ for superfine, the latter for good straight brands, and $5¾@5¾ for extra and extra family, including 1500 bbls Diamond Mills family and 900 bbls extra, both on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been within the same range of quotations for superfine and extras, and from $5 to $7 ℔ bbl for fancy brands as in quality. Rye Flour is lower, but rather more active, and about 600 bbls have been taken at $3,75@3,79, mostly at the latter rate, including 100 bbls common quality at $3½ ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is rather more inquired for, and about 1500 bbls were disposed of at $3¾ for Pennsylvania, including 1000 bbls Brandywine meal on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continues light, but the market, under a very limited demand both for milling and for shipment, has ruled unsettled, and 5@6c ℔ bush lower than last week; the sales only reach some 12,000 bush, mostly in small lots, at $1,25@1,30 for fair to good and prime reds, and $1,35@1,45 for white—closing dull at these rates; some small lots of new Wheat have been offered on 'Change; it is coming forward in very fine order, but buyers are holding off and the sales have been limited at $1,35@1,38 for reds, and $1,46@1,48 for white. Rye scarce; small receipts and sales of Pennsylvania at 78c, and some poor quality at 75@76c. Corn is lower, the receipts continue light, but the demand has fallen off, and about 18,000 bush yellow have been disposed of at 68@67c afloat, and 67@66c in store; some inferior sold at 56@60c, and fair quality at 64@65c. Oats are also lower and very dull, but about 18,000 bush, mostly Pennsylvania, sold at 37@40c, the latter for very heavy lots.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product, generally, continues firm and advancing, the high views of holders, however, checking business. About 1600 bbls Mess Pork sold, part private and part at $19 ℔ bbl, which price is now refused by most holders. A sale of Rump pork was made at $14 ℔ bbl. Beef is dull at $14@15 ℔ bbl for city Mess. Of Bacon sales of Hams, which are scarce, are reported at from 11½ to 13c, the latter for fancy cured; Sides at 11½@11¾c, in lots, and Shoulders at 9½@9¾c, short time. Green Meats are held above the views of buyers, and the only sales we hear of are some Hams, in pickle, at 10½c. Shoulders in salt at 8½c, cash and short time, and about 30,000 lbs bulk Sides on terms kept private. Of Lard the stock is light. Bbls and tierces are firm at 12¾c, and kegs at 13@13½c. A sale of the latter was made on terms kept private. Butter continues dull at 10@12c, as in quality. Cheese is steady at 10@10½c ℔ lb Eggs are selling at 14c ℔ doz.

COTTON.—The sales reach about 650 bales in lots, at from 5 to 12¾c for inferior to middling and *middling fair quality, mostly uplands, cash and short time.*

BARK—Quercitron has declined, and there is a fair demand for 1st No 1, with sales of about 120 hhds at $27 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark is also rather lower, with sales of Spanish at $12@13, and Chestnut Oak at 10@11 ℔ cord.

BEESWAX is selling as wanted at about 34c ℔ lb for good yellow.

COAL—There is a fair demand for Anthracite, to go East and South, at fully former rates, the tendency of prices being upward. The scarcity of vessels, however, and high rates of freight now current, operate unfavorably on the trade, and business is moderate for the season.

COFFEE—The arrival of all kinds are light, and the market is nearly bare, there being very little stock in first hands. Sales comprise some 1300 bags, in lots, at 13½@14¼c for Rio, and 14@14½c for Laguayra, on time—mostly of the former. The demand is moderate, but holders are very firm in their views.

COPPER—Both Sheathing and Yellow Metal are quiet, with about the usual business doing in the latter at 20c ℔ lb, on time.

FEATHERS come in slowly, and good Western are very scarce, with sales at 50@52c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are more plenty, and prices range at $3,50@4,50 ℔ bbl. Nothing new in other articles.

HIDES are held less firmly, but buyers are not disposed to operate, and no sales have come under our notice.

HOPS move off slowly at 10@14c ℔ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple is steady, but very inactive, and only about 1000 tons Anthracite No 3 have been disposed of at $20½@21, on time. We quote No 1 at $23, and No 2 at $22, usual credit, with limited sales. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig to alter prices. Blooms and Boiler Plates are dull. In Bars and Rails there is no change.

LEAD continues dull but steady, and no further sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—The market has been quiet, and without any change to note.

LUMBER—The holidays having interrupted business, the market has been very inactive, but without any alteration to note; White Pine Boards are selling slowly at $14@18, Yellow Sap do at $14@15, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $10,50 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—There has been very little doing, and we have only to note a few small sales of New Orleans at 47@47½c; some clayed Cuba at 21c, and Muscovado do at 28c, all on time.

PLASTER continues dull, and sales are reported at $2,50@2,62½ ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is little or no Cloverseed offering or selling, and we quote it nominally at $4,50@4,75 ℔ bus. Timothy is also quiet at $3,50@4 ℔ bus. Of Flaxseed the receipts and sales of domestic are light at about $1,62 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is no alteration in the market for foreign, and a small business to note in Brandy and Gin. N E Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is rather scarce, but prices are without much alteration, Western bbls selling at 21½@22c; Penna do at 21@21½c, Drudge at 20c, and hhds at 20½@21c.

SUGARS are unchanged, but the market is firmer and more active at the close, with sales of some 300 hhds, mostly Porto Rico, at 7½@8¼c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is rather more active, with sales of city rendered at 10@10½c ℔ lb, mostly at the former rate.

TOBACCO—There has been some little demand for Leaf for shipment, but prices are without alteration, and the market otherwise is very inactive.

WOOL is coming in quite freely, but there is more disposition to operate, and prices are firm, the week's sales reaching some 350,000 lbs, mostly new clip, to arrive, part at 40c for common, 45c for quarter, 50c for half blood, and part at prices kept private; including some fine Fleece, also taken at a private bargain.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 513 head. The prices ranged from $8 to 9,50 ℔ 100 lbs. 550 Hogs sold at from $7,50 to 8,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 7.—FLOUR firm: sales of 9,000 bbls at $5,20@5,30 for State; $5,75@5,85 for Ohio; Southern unchanged. Wheat quiet; 15,000 bus sold at $1,30@1,31 for Milwaukee Club, and $1,38 for red Western. Corn quiet at 65@66c for mixed. Pork quiet. Lard firm at 12¼@12¾c. Whiskey dull at 21¼c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George W. Nuse, of this city, to Miss Bechie E. Murphey, of Brandywine, Del.

On Sunday, July 1st, by the Rev. Doctor Clay, Mr William Clendining, to Miss Jane Montgomery, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mr. William R. Wood, of this city, to Miss Louisa M. youngest daughter of David Roberts, formerly of Carnarvon.

At the Trappe, on Tuesday, the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. A. B. Shenkle, Mr. Garrit C. Ware, of Norristown, to Miss Ann Conrad, of this city.

On Sunday, June 10th, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. William Osborne, to Miss Mary A. Snethen, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. Adam P. Depler, to Miss Mary Silbert, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Sunday, the 1st instant, Carrie M. infant daughter of Edw. H. and Annie R. Williamson, aged 7 months.

On the evening of the 1st instant, Fanny, daughter of Isaac Lloyd, in her 10th year.

At her residence, in Chester Valley, on the 2d instant, Mary Malin, in her 79th year.

At Osnabruck, Hanover, on Monday, June 11th, Gust Schwietering, of the firm of Runge & Schwietering, in his 26th year.

On the morning of the 29th ultimo, Susan A. M. wife of Wm. H. Moore.

On the morning of the 30th ultimo, Isri H. Craven, in his 73d year.

July 1st, 1860, after a lingering illness, Mary Yentzer, wife of Wm. Morno, Sr. and daughter of Col. John Yentzer, deceased, formerly of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 3d instant, Catharine Campman, in his 77th year.

On the 1st instant, Alberon Weiss, in his 36th year.

On the 28 instant, John Williams, in his 65th year.

On the 2d instant, George Montgomery, in his 73d year.

On the 2d instant, William Krysne, in his 68th year.

On the evening of the 28th ultimo, Susan Barton, relict of the late David Barton, in her 83d year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	102	103
" " 1867	102	103
" " 1862	102	103
" " coupon 7-3s 1863	—	—
Philada 6 pr ct, old	101	101½
" " new	104½	105
" "	94	—
Penna 6 pr ct,	99	—
" " coupon	93	99
All'gy City 6 pr ct	85	93
" County	93	99
Penna 5 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	96½	97
Penna 5 "	91½	92
" " coupon	97	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	100	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	90	89½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind state 5 pr ct	90	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 7-3-10	104	105
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	160
Philadelphia	110	112½
Far & Mec	—	57½
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	50	—
Mechanics	26½	32
Southwark	72	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	47½	47¾
Western	16	—
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	36½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	38	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	125	130
Northern "	126	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	91½	92
Planters "	153	—
N O Gas Light	195	200
Com & N R Bank, Vicksburg	9	74
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	14
New Creek	—	—
New Granada	—	—
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	36½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	—	82½
	—	96
Lehigh Valley R R	57	57½
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	89½	90½
stock	28½	28¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	100
stock	—	130½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	84
mort 6's '44	102½	102¾
" '66	74½	75
stock	29½	29¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	52	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	—	42½
6 pr ct loan, '80	93½	94
Ches Val R R, '73	78½	—
Tioga R R	75	—
Wil'me & Elmira 7's 1st mort	67	70
2nd "	15½	—
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	6	7
Beaver Meadow stock	63½	64½
preferred 10 pr ct	80	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	42	—
6 pr ct loan	97	100
Minehill R R	62	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '80	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	12½	13½
bonds	88	89
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois	97	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	74½	75
imp. 6 pr ct	18	—
stock	—	24
preferred	22½	23
Lehigh Nav stock	25	25½
mort 6 pr ct	100	—
scrip	36½	37
Morris Consol'd	54	—
preferred	113	114
Ches & Del	60	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	80
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1878	30½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 7, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
New Jersey.		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Delaware		**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Maryland.		**Kentucky.**	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Indiana.**	
New York.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**Illinois.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Vermont		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan.**	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Texas.**	
Rhode Island.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Iowa.**	
Virginia.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	**Kansas.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Minnesota.**	
North Carolina.		Bank St. Paul	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis	**Canada.**	
Georgia.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Florida.**	
South Carolina.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis		
Alabama.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

☞ AMER. SCHOOL INST."—Provides Families, Schools, Academies and Colleges with accomplished and experienced Teachers and Professors. Good Teachers aided in securing engagements. The purchase and sale of School properties, partnerships, &c., continually negotiated. The highest Educational and Business references, in every part of the country, furnished upon application. SMITH, WOODMAN & CO., my26-tf 609 Chestnut St., Phila.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug*—sent for $1. Address "UNION AGENCY," je30-4t Peace Dale, R. I.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

AMERICAN WATCHES,

MADE BY THE

AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY,

AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement and accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials, in favor of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1858.

These Watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory time-pieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and necessarily as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their Watches in many instances by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best marine chronometer.'

N. B.—We have just introduced a *new style* of Watch, elaborately finished, and thinner than any we have hitherto produced, with several improvements calculated to insure the greatest accuracy of performance, and to prevent the usual accidents and derangements to which foreign Watches are liable.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watch Maker

Boston, April 20, 1860.

Mr. R. E. Robbins, Treasurer, &c.

Dear Sir—Since my note to you of September, 1859, I have sold a number of your Company's Watches, and hear good reports from them without exception. They give me no trouble and my customers every satisfaction. Recently a ship-master to whom I sold one last year, called to say that his Chronometer having broken down at sea, he navigated his vessel safely home by his Waltham Watch. Yours, truly,

GEORGE E. PORTER.

New York, Jan. 23, 1860.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.

Dear Sir:—The American watch made by your Company, which I have had in constant use for about a year, has kept excellent time and sustains your guaranty. It seems to be less disturbed by horseback and railroad-car jolting than the generality of foreign watches. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Book Room, No. 200 Mulberry St., New York, Feb. 6, 1860.

R. E. Robbins, Treas. Am. Watch Co.

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last ten months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the *United States will supercede all others.*

JAMES FLOY, D. D.

Wilton Bluff, S. C., Oct. 20, 1859.

R. E. Robbins, Esq.

Dear Sir:—The three watches of your manufacture which I purchased to be used on my plantation, have proved to be the most correct time-keepers I have ever known. I gave my head servant, my head carpenter, and my head engineer each one of them; and since they have been in their respective possession, everything on the plantation has moved like clock-work, in consequence of the extreme accuracy and regularity with which these watches perform. Truly yours,

LEWIS MORRIS.

Chicago, Ill., March, 1860.

American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

I have tested with extreme care the running of the watch I bought of you, now nearly a year since, and so accurate and equable has been its performance that I have thought it would interest you, and all others familiar with horology to see a record of its variations. It was finally set to true time, after it had been regulating in my possession for three months.

June 5 lost 4 sec. October 1 lost 8 sec.
August 15 lost 6 sec. December 15 lost 9 sec.

Since which time its average monthly variation has not exceeded six seconds.

NORMAN WIARD.

Caution.—As our watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a certificate of genuineness, bearing the number of the watch and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. Robbins, or by our predecessors, Appleton, Tracy & Co.

As these watches are for sale by jewelers generally throughout the Union, the American Watch Company do not solicit orders for single watches.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Wholesale Agents, No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

SPRING and SUMMER MEDICINE.

The fibres of the body are often soft and relaxed after the bracing cold of Winter is withdrawn; and if sickness attacks us, it is in the form of fainting, apoplexy, fevers, inflammation, and acute rheumatisms. Because at this season all the humors are apt to corrupt from any sudden check of the perspiration, from costiveness or the stoppage of any usual evacuation, than at any other period of the year. BRANDRETH'S PILLS set all to rights, cleanse the blood from those crudities which the want of exercise of winter have locked up in the bowels and solids of the body, and which, if not timely expelled, produce Cancer, Tumor, Costiveness, Consumption and early death.

When, therefore, you feel chilliness, lassitude, dizziness, pains of the head, lose no time, but at once swallow four, six, or eight of

Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.

Soon cheerfulness will displace anxiety, and health disease. And, remember, these Pills are entirely Vegetable, and harmless for the weakest or the strongest, but able to search out and remove all impurities, leaving the blood as pure as it was in our first parents.

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 216 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jly14-3t

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R. DOLLARD,
613 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-ecwly

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GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY,
AT THE OLD STAND,
NO. 706 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA.

☞ Gentlemen will be furnished with a formula for measurement for Shirts and Drawers on application by mail. oct8-ecwly

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MARTYRED HEADS!

Hundreds of heads of

Wit and Humor.

BAD NEIGHBORS.

In a little village in Connecticut, several years ago, there lived one David Barnes, a person of an excitable temperament and violent passions, especially—as was often the case—when under the influence of strong drink. Not far from him resided old Squire Nelson, famous in all the region round about for his ready wit, with which few were able to cope successfully.

The Squire had, at the time of which I write, a pig of remarkable promise, which one day effected a stolen exit from its domicile, and wandered about seeking what it might devour, till finally it happened into Barnes' garden, where, following the impulse of its nature, it (as Barnes himself graphically expressed it,) "rooted around like all possest."

The animal was at length espied by Barnes, who—it being the hour when his bitters most were felt—issued forth with murderous intent and a stick, and so gave vent to his emotions that the poor beast "withdrew" as speedily as possible, and reached home more dead than alive.

When recovered from the effect of his potions, Barnes regretted his hastiness, and resolved to visit the Squire, explain, and make it right, if possible. Off he started, and found the Squire at home. He hardly knew how to open the subject, so he began with,

"Wa'al, Squire, I'm a-thinkin' o' leavin' these parts."

Squire—"You don't say? I'm sorry for that."

Barnes (with some surprise)—"Be ye? An' why, may I ask?"

Squire—"Wa'al, I'll tell you. Years ago there come a Mr. Robinson to live where you do, and he was a mean sort of a man, and it was hard gittin' along with him. And after him come Tom Mullen, and he was a dretful mean man—worse, if anything, than the other. And after he left, there come Bill Mosher, who was really tejus; and then one worse'n all the others together—old Ned Bolles. You see, they kept a growin' worse. And finally, *you* come; and I'm afraid that, if you go, *the Evil One himself will be next!*"

Barnes left.

A GOOD PREACHER.

Some years ago, Capt. John Eagles kept the "Aurora House;" and capitally he kept it, in a capital village, on the eastern bank of "old Cayuga." He was an "old salt;" had "circumnavigated master of a ship" several times; had not forgotten how to "splice the main brace" when needful; was as jolly as a fore-top man in a calm;" and *such* "yarns" as he spun, not unfrequently astonished all his hearers, even Andy, who "made a six weeks v'yage in Joon, an' seen all sorts o' weather an' shipwracks and crathurs that wor nivir seen afore, any way—barrin the cap'n's."

Well, the captain and his family purposed to visit New York. The little "steamer" neared the dock, and Andy stepped in to "take a small smatther."

"An' is it lavin' ye are, cap'n?" asked Andy.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Is it any lingth ye'll be away?" again asked Andy.

The captain, drawing on one of his "tough yarn faces," replied:

"Yes, Andy, I shall be gone a long time. President Polk has appointed me Minister to Russia."

"Begorra, an' that's mighty quare," thought Andy, but spoke: "Will I help ye aboard with the trunks?"

On the deck of that little steamer Andy grasped the hand of the captain warmly and sympathisingly, as the last bell was ringing, and burst out:

"Good-bye, cap'n—good bye t'ye; and *God be good to the Rooshyans, for it's the knighth of good preaching ye'll give 'em, barrin the divil the word of thruth there'll be in it!*"—*Knickerbocker.*

A HARD CASE.

A story has recently been told of a characteristic trick performed upon his sister, the Princess Amelia, by that "hard case" the rogue Duke of Cumberland.

His sister one day took him to task, arraigned his dissipated conduct, and said she would never be instrumental to it. He assured her that the money he then solicited he wanted to complete an improvement in Windsor Park, where it was well laid out in employing the surrounding poor; and to convince her of the truth of this statement, he proposed to take her down to inspect the works. He had at that time nearly five hundred men digging a canal. She went to the lodge, and he drove her round the park in a one-horse chaise, and had so contrived it with the manager that as she passed from one place to another, the same set of men, as in a theatre, removed to another spot, which, when she was brought to them, were seen planting trees; at another, five hundred men (the same,) were found grubbing hedges.

"Well, brother," said she, "I had no conception of this. You must employ near two thousand people."

"True," said the noble Duke, "and if I were to take you to the other side of the park, I could show you as many more."

"It is not necessary," said the Princess, "I am satisfied that your money is better expended than I had apprehended."

And the unsuspecting Princess lent him the £10,000 he wanted.

NOT IN A HURRY TO MARRY.—Fwed.—"Why, Chawles, how's this? Not dancing? Weally, I'm supwised!"

Chawles.—"No, aw—fact is—given up dancing. You see, when a good-looking young fellah, aw—mingles much with the guyrls, it causes so much talk, that its aw—dooced unpleasant, and as I've no ideaw of mawwying just at pwesent, I shall cut female society for awhile."

☞ In China the natives call an Englishman "I say." A Yankee would be called "I guess."

SCENES AT THE BARBERS.

Your shearer may, and often does, adopt a system of indirect compulsion—of moral bullying. He assumes a bland sneer, and makes unpleasant reflections upon your natural gifts and acquired habits, either by the words he uses, or the line of action he pursues. For instance, I have heard a colloquy between a hair-cutter and his patient, after the following fashion:

Tonsor.—Your 'air is very loose, sir—very loose.

Patient.—What do you mean?

Ton.—Why, it comes out very easy, sir; falls out, I may say.

Pat.—Well, I believe it does, rather.

Ton.—You 'aven't 'ad a fever lately, sir, 'ave you?

Pat.—(Testily.) "No, I havn't: never had a fever.

Ton.—Very extraordinary. I should 'a' said you' 'ad a fever. I never saw a gentleman's 'air come out so easy. You don't wash your 'ead very frequently, sir, I should say.

Pat.—(Uneasily.) Yes, I do; quite frequently enough. Why do you think I don't? don't? You don't mean to say it's dirty, do you?

Ton.—(Apologetically.) Oh! dear no, sir; not at all, sir; but London is such a very smoky place, you get all sorts of dust and grit into the 'air almost without knowing it, sir; and there's nothing like washing the 'ead with cold water for strengthening the 'air. But then you hought to apply something hafter it, for fear of taking cold, sir—some sort of vegetable preparation. We've a very nice article here, sir; price 'alf a-crown. It prevents cold (quoting from an advertisement,) stimulates the 'ealthy action of the skin, strengthens the roots of the 'air, and prevents it from falling off.

Pat.—I'll take a bottle.

Ton.—(Accompanying the patient to the shop, and glancing victoriously at the young lady who takes the money.) 'Air cut, miss, and a bottle of the vegetable wash.

Sometimes Tonsor catches a Tartar, in the shape of a choleric person who doesn't like to hear the melodious words "scurf" and "dandriff"—particularly when the cacophony of the former is intensified by being pronounced "scuff"—applied to him. In this case, the patient has an evident rush of blood to the face, starts up from his chair, at the imminent peril of his ear-tips, and informs tonsor that "he came to have his hair cut, and not to hear remarks upon the state of his skin," and that if tonsor "can't cut it without talking nonsense, he'll go to somebody who can." Upon this, tonsor is reduced to silence, and indulges in the voiceless vengeance of scarifying his customer's head with a couple of hard brushes. This same choleric person, at his exit, so far from complying with tonsor's reasonable request, that he should buy a bottle of the vaunted 'airwash, mutters that "as he doesn't want to have his hair turned green, or blue, or any other conspicuous color, he thinks he'd better not;" and in scarcely audible gutturals, condemns the man, and the wash, and the scents, and the whole place in succint but powerful language.

FIVE PER CENT.

An individual called upon a jeweller in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for a few past years, some seventy-five dollars; that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster, and he had concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweller selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new peddler started on his trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweller one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold.

"Well, I put on about five per cent."

The jeweller thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much.

"Well," said the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your *per cent.*, but an article for which I pay you one dollar, *I generally sell for five.*"

A DEATH GRIP.—A sea captain related at a prayer-meeting in Boston, a short time ago, a thrilling incident in his own experience.—"A few years ago," said he, "I was by the island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard!' It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope, and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it as for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and making a slip-noose of it, attached it to the rope, and slid it down to the struggling sailor, and directed him to pass it over his shoulder and under his arms, and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped that rope with such firmness—with such a death grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed, and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him, that the strands of the rope became embedded in the flesh of his hands."

TOO EXCLUSIVE.—My University tailor had a daughter, whose dower he announced as thirty thousand pounds sterling, and he gave out that none but a gold-tassel nobleman should be allowed to cultivate her acquaintance. But the young nobleman never came, and the damsel pined for a couple of years. The father widened the bounds, and gentleman commoners were admitted, but still the maiden was unwooed. In another three years the suffrage was extended to all members of Christ Church College. There may have been wooers now, but no winners. Five years more, and the maiden still sat at her window unclaimed. For another five years the tailor held out resolutely, but by that time youth was gone, and the daughter, so long a prisoner, was glad to accept the hand of an aspiring cheesemonger.—*Wilson.*

☞ "Why do you always beat me down in my prices?" "Because you are a vulgar fraction of humanity, and a vulgar fraction should be reduced to its lowest terms."

A LITTLE SEASICK.

MALICIOUS SWELL IN THE STERN SHEETS (*to Party on Weather Quarter*).—"Splendid breeze, isn't it, Gus?"

GUS, (*who, you see, has let his cigar go out*).—"Ye-es; but I say, what's o'clock? Isn't it time to turn back? What d'ye think?"

MEANING OF WORDS.—How many words men have dragged downwards with themselves, and made partakers more or less of their own fall. Having originally an honorable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of those that used them, or those about whom they were used, deteriorated or degenerated too. What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful meaning as their secondary lease; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy? Thus, "knave" meant once no more than lad (nor does it now in German mean more), "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer, a "varlet" was but a serving-man, a "menial" one of the many or household, a "churl" but a strong fellow, a "minion" a favorite; man is "God's dearest *minion*" (Sylvester). "Time-server" was used 200 years age quite as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense, "serving the time." "Conceits" had once nothing conceited in them; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness, and not of busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied.—"Demure" (des mœurs, of good manners), conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the *Magdalen could ever have given* us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor by the world?—*Trench on the Study of Words.*

OLD PATCH.—Here is a little narrative which we have seen in print two or three times, but it deserves stereotyping: A poor boy came to school with a large patch on his knee. One of his school fellows, who was haughty, and withal a great "tease," began to nickname him "patch," and finally "Old Patch." The other boys, who had perhaps suffered in the same way from the teazer, said to "Patch," "Why don't you lick him? Yes, give it to him! I wouldn't be called so by him; I'd give it to him!"

"Pooh," answered the boy with the patch, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of a patch, do you? For my part, I am very thankful for a good mother, who, though poor, toils to keep me out of rags. A neat patch looks much better than a slovenly, ragged hole in my pants. Yes, I honor this patch for my mother's sake." There was true and noble philosophy in this, and his companions felt it.

"There's no getting the better of 'Patch,'" said the boys; "not a bit of false shame about him." And now the boys honored him for it.

CADIZ.—There lies Cadiz, that new-built Venice, with its yellow and rose-colored palaces, its tall miradores (watch-towers,) where anxious Antonios sit waiting for the first sight of their Indian argosies; the flat Eastern roofs, where the dons repose and smoke, and the donnas chat and sing; the yellow porcelain domes, so like mosques; the long, dark batteries, like sharks' jaws', which are teethed with cannon; the barracks and the hospitals. There they all are, crowding to the sea-shore, as if to welcome some conqueror. It is a new and brighter Venice trooping down to the strand to welcome some new Columbus who comes not yet. It is the city that our Lord Essex sacked; in fact, the city of sack, that old admirals of ours, long since laid in pickle in the great salt sea, in their laced waistcoats and cocked hats, have fired and frowned at a thousand times.—*Life in Spain.*

A PERPETUAL SOUNDING LINE.—If the following expedient be made use of, the danger accruing to vessels from running aground would be prevented. It consists simply in causing a chain, to the end of which a good sized weight is fastened, to communicate by means of a spring with a bell on deck, which must be so adjusted as to sound when the force of the weight is removed. The length of the chain must be somewhat greater than the depth of water the vessel is found to draw, in order that the steersman may have time to turn before it strikes the ground. When the weight strikes this, the force keeping the spring in a state of tension will be removed, and consequently the bell will be heard.

☞ We fear that some great men now lie in Westminster Abbey, who, in their lives, lied in Westminster Hall.

A PLEA FOR LOVE.

A sweet lyric by Thomas Davis, Ireland's latest poet—taken from her by a premature death.

The summer brook flows in the bed
  The winter torrent tore asunder;
The sky-lark's gentle wings are spread
  Where walk the lightning and the thunder;
And thus you'll find the sternest soul
  The gayest tenderness concealing,
And minds that seem to mock control,
  Are order'd by some fairy feeling.

Then, maiden! start not from the hand
  That's harden'd by the swaying sabre—
The pulse beneath may be as bland
  As evening after day of labor;
And, maiden! start not from the brow
  That thought has knit, and passion darken'd—
In twilight hours 'neath forest bough,
  The tenderest tales are often hearken'd.

Agricultural.

PRESERVING SHINGLES ON ROOFS.

The following article we copy from the Rural Intelligencer, as worthy of attention by those who desire to preserve the roofs of their habitations and buildings:

"Some paint roof shingles after they are laid. This makes them rot sooner than they otherwise would. Some paint the courses as they are laid; this is a great preservative, if each shingle is painted the length of three courses. But about as sure a way to preserve shingles, and that with little or no expense, is a mode recommended in a letter to us by Hon. David Hunter, of Clinton, on the 23d of February last. We republish so much of his letter as relates to this subject, in hopes that it may be of service to many of our readers:

"There is one thing more that nearly all people know, if they would only attend to it; that is, to sprinkle slaked lime on the roofs of their buildings in rainy days. Put it on considerably thick, so as to make the roof look white, and you will never be troubled with moss; and if the shingles are covered ever so thick with moss, by putting the lime on twice, it will take all the moss off, and leave the roof white and clean, and will look almost as well as if it had been painted. It ought to be done once a year, and, in my opinion, the shingles will last almost twice as long as they will to let the roof all grow over to moss. I tried it on the back side of my house ten years ago, when the shingles were all covered over with moss, and they appeared to be nearly rotten. I gave the roof a heavy coat of lime, and have followed it nearly every year since then, and the roof is better now than it was then; and, to all appearance, if I follow my hand, it will last ten or fifteen years longer. The shingles have been on the roof over thirty years. There is no more risk about sparks catching on the roof than on a newly-shingled roof. Those that do not have lime near by, can use good strong wood ashes, and these will answer a very good purpose to the same end."

A NEW GATE HINGE.—There is a new plan of fastening the upper hook or eye of a gate hinge into the post, which we have seen described lately, and like it so much that we wish all farmers to know it. Instead of driving the hook into the post, a hole is bored quite through it, just at the top of the upper rail of the fence, and the shank is made long enough to reach some inches beyond the post, and has several notches on its upper side.—Bore a hole through the rail, and put a small bolt with a loop hole at one end, to bit in a notch of the hinge, and nut at the other. Of course, when screwed up, the sag of the gate cannot draw the hook; but, if necessary, it can be made shorter by shifting a notch or two.

TOBACCO.—General John H. Cook, of Virginia, has recently written a pamphlet, entitled "Tobacco, the Bane of Virginia Husbandry." He says:

That Tobacco is the bane of Virginia husbandry, will be shown under the three following heads:

1st. It requires more labor than any other crop.

2d. It is the most exhausting of all crops; and,

3d. It is a demoralizer, in the broadest sense of the term.

UNLOADING HAY.—I noticed a call last summer for a contrivance to take a load of hay from the cart all at once, and dump it in the mow, and I have watched the agricultural papers to see the plan come out, but as none has appeared that I have seen, I will venture to suggest one for the benefit of all, if it should prove a benefit.

My plan is, to have two or more endless ropes spread on the cart rigging, and load on them, and when in the barn, bring the ropes together on the top, on a strong double hook made fast to a stout rope; this rope may run through tackles, with a horse outside, similar to the plan of unloading with a horse fork, while a man with a guy-rope over a pulley, back side of the mow, can direct it where he chooses.—Then let down and unhook the ropes on one side, and pull them out with the same power that hoisted it.

Another way, to hoist without the horse, is to have a wheel, similar to what merchants use for hoisting hogsheads of molasses and other merchandise, hung in the ridge of the barn, and operated in the same way, with guy-rope as in the other plan. Where a barn is built with the floor on one side the barn, with short middle beams, the wheel can be hung partly over the mow, so that it will need less power on the guy-rope. Now, brother farmers, if you think of a better plan for unloading hay, please let us hear it; don't run away to Washington after a patent first.—L. F. SCOTT, in *Country Gentleman.*

PRUNING TREES.—What a beautiful season we are enjoying! I go into the house each pleasant evening, only when it is too dark to see anything more abroad! There is a great promise of apples. I never saw a fuller blossom; and enough are sticking on, and swelling up rapidly day by day.

I am spending a good deal of time with a saw and mallet and broad chisel, trimming.—The summer is the time for this work. I see every year that some don't believe it; think it better to slap into the trees at their leisure in March and April. The practice is a wrong one—I have proved it. Wounds of any size made in those months will bleed, and not soon heal.

Those who expect large, fine apples, must take a hint from Mr. Bull's method of raising such magnificent bunches of grapes. His vines are headed back, pruned, pinched, till the whole force of well-supplied roots is driven into a few mouth-watering clusters. Nature in trees provides against casualties. There is an excess of limbs. Some may be destroyed, and the tree remain more comely and productive.—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO KEEP CISTERNS CLEAR OF INSECTS.—The water of cisterns that are kept covered through the summer soon begins to smell, and if the cover is left open, thousands of "wigglers," the larvæ of musquitoes, appear, and besides making the water disagreeable, supply an abundance of little blood-suckers to feed upon us during the night, and disturb our slumbers.

An easy way to put an end to the "wigglers," is to place a number of small fish, minnows, for example, in the cistern. These will speedily devour the insects, and keep the cistern clear of all such. If a lead pipe is in the cistern, the fish will die in a day or two. *We were compelled to take away a pump from ours for this reason.* It was pump and musquitoes, or fish and pure water. The latter was preferred.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES AND OTHER TROUBLESOME INSECTS.—Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in an open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirit applied as perfume to the face and hands will act as an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER A ROOM IS DAMP OR NOT.—Place a weighed quantity of fresh lime in an open vessel in the room, and leave it there for twenty-four hours, carefully closing the windows and doors. At the end of twenty-four hours, re-weigh the lime, and if the increase exceeds one per cent. of the original weight, it is not safe to live in the room.

MUSHROOMS (TO DISTINGUISH THEM FROM TOADSTOOLS).—Mushrooms which grow in marshy, shady places, and in thick forests where the sun has no access, are in general to be regarded as possessing dangerous qualities: their substance is softer, moister, and more porous than that of mushrooms used for the table. They have likewise a more disagreeable and dirty-looking appearance. Those which have a dusky hue, and change color when cut, or which have a gaudy, or many very distinct colors, particularly if they have been originally covered by skin or envelope, or which exhale a strong and unpleasant odor, ought not to be eaten. Those which have short bulbous stalks, or fragments of skin adhering to the surface, or which grow rapidly and corrupt quickly, should also be rejected. It has been generally supposed that poisonous mushrooms lose their deleterious qualities, but this is a rule to which there are many exceptions, and which ought therefore to be very cautiously admitted.

RED CURRANT JELLY.—The currants for this purpose should be gathered in the dry, when fully ripe; pick and put them in a preserving-pan, over a slow fire, to draw the juice out, which you must pour away from them as it comes, or it will waste; when you have got what juice you can from them, pass it through a flannel bag, to take out the thickness: then, to every pint of juice, put one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar, broken small; put it over a brisk fire in a preserving-pan; when the scum rises, take it off with a spoon, boil your jelly for about ten minutes, try if it will jelly by dropping a little on a cold plate; if it will not, boil it till it will: then pour it into your pots and glasses: let it stand about two days; then put paper dipped in brandy, on the top of the jelly, and skin over the pots or glasses; keep them in a dry place.

☞ Never flatter yourself that you have attained the perfection of politeness, unless you can pull a man's nose without giving him offence.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 4, 15, 25, is an abbreviation.
My 16, 20, 22, 3, is necessary to the beauty of a landscape.
My 19, 23, 34, 13, 35, 14, 28, 33, 3, 30, is a lake mentioned in the Bible.
My 21, 5, 9, 11, is an article of apparel.
My 22, 26, 16, 32, 34, is a girl's name.
My 24, 6, 18, 7, 17, 1, is one of the great beauties of Italy.
My 26, 23, 29, is the name of a tree.
My 28, 24, 2, 13, 14, 22, 10, 33, 9, 24, 35, 7, is a color.
My 29, 31, 27, are the initials of one of the Presidents.
My 30, 12, 20, 29, is what usually occurs in the month of January.
My 34, is found in 22, 28, 7, 11, part of my 1, 8, 18, which last is a number used indefinitely in the Bible.

My whole is a romance and the name of the author.

E. M. H. MOORE.

Peoria, Ill.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Heaven I shall forever dwell
Although I'm doomed to stay in hell.
I've always been a'er since my birth,
A mighty prop unto the earth.
If strife should rage and wars increase,
I shall forever dwell in peace.
I rest composed in liberty,
But ne'er was known from bondage free.
In life I always have been brave,
When dead, I'll never leave my grave.
But die I can't, you'll plainly see,
In time or in eternity.

Naples, Scott Co., Ills. J. SIMMONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Who in a chariot preach'd with telling pow'r?
Who met her future lord at eve's calm hour?
Who first was ston'd with stones, then burn'd with fire?
What kind of pigeon did the law require?
From whence was cast a sinful queen to die?
Who had twelve sons, with towns and castles high?
What widow dar'd to plead with Israel's king?
A prophet's mother who with joy did sing?
Who built a town upon a hill he bought?
To whom was husbandry with pleasure fraught?
Where was a burning quench'd by earnest prayer?
Who drove three giants forth with courage rare?
A cunning hunter, to his father dear.
Who hir'd an army ere he fought with Seir?
What king, when wounded, ended his own life?
For whom did Eliezer seek a wife?
Who had that priceless boon—a guileless heart?
Where stay'd the sun, all powerless to depart?

Your Bibles search, (an act no one can blame;)
These questions all must answer'd be by name;
The letter first of each place in a line;
T'obey the words may God your heart incline!

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A looking-glass *frame*, wider at the ends than at the side, has the diagonal across each corner exactly 2½ inches, and that between its opposite corners, precisely 25 inches. Required the cost of the *glass* that fills it, at as many dollars per square foot as it contains square feet? M. DURANT.

Northfork, Ky.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer went to market one day, and took along with him a large load of grain, consisting of 10 bushels of wheat, 15 bushels of rye, 20 bushels of corn, 25 bushels of barley, and 30 bushels of oats. He sold one more bushel of rye for $7.00 than he did bushels of wheat, for $7.50; two more bushels of corn for $8.80 than he did bushels of rye for $9.00; three more bushels of barley for $7.80 than he did bushels of corn for $8.00; four more bushels of oats for $5.20 than he did bushels of barley for $5.40; and he received $70 50 for the whole load. Required the price per bushel he sold each kind of grain for? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a young lady just from boarding-school, like a building committee? Ans.—Because she is ready to receive proposals.

☞ Why is the letter "e" the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is found oftener than any other letter in "doing good."

☞ In what manner did Captain May cheat the Mexicans? Ans.—He charged them with a troop of horses which they never got.

☞ What most resembles a half cheese? Ans.—The other half.

☞ Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing, like an imprisoned criminal? Ans.—Because he is sea-cured (secured.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Never attempt to palliate thy own misfortunes by exposing the error of another." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London. RIDDLE—Truth. CHARADE—Die. CHARADE—Milestone.

Answer to Problem by Geometricus published April 28th. The point where the shot will leave the sphere is 8.41 inches from the point of starting—measured on the surface of the sphere.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to W. K. Gondy's Problem published May 19th. The Eastern Eagle flies 85.3758 miles, and overtakes the hawk in 1 h. 42.45 min. The hawk flies 34.1503 miles when overtaken by Eastern Eagle, and 34.4771 miles when overtaken by Northern Eagle. The Northern Eagle flies 68.9543 miles and overtakes the hawk in 1 h. 43.43 min.

Clinton Co., Ohio. DAVID WICKERSHAM.

☞ There is an editor of our acquaintance who has published papers in twenty-nine places. He is like the running gout; his party feels him successively in every part of its system.

☞ A young Mississippi widow is said to have spent in a single dry goods house in Memphis, Tennessee, last year, for the adornment of her person, $3,825.